Vol. CXXXII. No. 1724.

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THE BYSTANDER, DECEMBER 30, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, December 30, 1936 No. 1724. Vol. CXXXII.

The Bystander

Peter Clark

Diana Wynyard—A Christmas Heroine

But the play, W. Chetham Strode's *Heart's Content*, isn't part of the Christmas ebullition of the past two weeks: it 's a non-seasonable plot, dealing with renounced love, following, up to a point, the plot of *The Garden of Allah*, then taking a turn which you had better trace for yourself at the Shaftesbury Theatre, where *Heart's Content* opened two days before Christmas. Dutch Louis Borell (as an Austrian) is opposite Diana Wynyard, Mary Jerrold and Anthony Bushell are in support, the play is produced by Raymond Massey, decorated by Aubrey Hammond and dressed by Messrs. and Mmes. Schiaparelli, Molyneux and Hartnell. So it should prove the swing of the pendulum for Mynheer Borell and Miss Wynyard, whose last plays were failures (he in *The Visitor*, she in *The Ante-Room*), and whose last-but-ones were great successes (he in *Return to Yesterday*, she in *Sweet Aloes*)

Howard Coster, London

Lord Glamis, the Queen's Brother

Patrick Bowes-Lyon, Lord Glamis, is the heir to the titles held by the ancient and at times stormy Lyon family; its founder was one of the hostages to the English for the ransom of James I. (1424); a sixteenth-century Countess of Strathmore was condemned to the flames on an accusation (afterwards proved false) of witchcraft, and the fifth Earl was killed at Sheriffmuir in the '15 rebellion. Lord Glamis is the eldest of Queen Elizabeth's five brothers and sisters. Their father, the eighty-one-year-old Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne, Viscount Lyon, Baron Glamis, Tannadyce, Sidlaw and Strathdichtie, and Baron Bowes, married Cecilia Cavendish-Bentinck in 1881 and Lord Glamis was born three years later. He took his present title in 1904, when his father succeeded to the earldom—the same year that he entered the Army after a Sandhurst education. At the age of twenty-four he married the tenth Duke of Leeds' elder daughter (sister of the present title-holder), Lady Dorothy Osborne; their son and heir, John Patrick, was born in 1910 (he is now a captain in the Scots Guards), and their first daughter, Cecilia, in 1912; their other two children, who are twins, were born in Armistice year. Meanwhile, Lord Glamis had been wounded in the first year of the war, in which he served with distinction as a major in the Black Watch. He is now chairman of the family business, John Bowes and Partners, Ltd., and of the Marley Hill Chemical Company, both at Newcastle-on-Tyne

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

EVERYONE will be glad to see the end of the old year, even if no one has any deep conviction that the new year will be very much better. But the old year has been such a muddle of storms and alarms, with a wretchedly bad summer as well, that we are well quit of it.

The early part of the year saw the Abyssinian war in full swing, culminating in May with the gas-paved—so to speak—march of Marshal Badoglio into Addis Ababa. Those first months were full of Anglo-Italian quarrels and menaces, and the situation in the Mediterranean was a threat to the peace of the world.

MEANWHILE, Germany pursued her policy of furious rearming, coupled with dramatic unilateral denunciation of treaties. The storm-focus of Central Europe shifted with bewildering speed from the Rhineland to Danzig, to Austria, to Czechoslovakia, back to the frontier of Belgium, to Memel, and to Austria again, as the Fuehrer and his lieutenants fired off their ponderous but none the less dangerous diplomatic guns.

The double realisation that our fleet and air force were not up to date, and that Germany was very much further advanced in her war preparations than had been supposed, led the British Government to enter into the rearmament race and Sir Thomas Inskip was appointed as co-ordinator of the Defence Services, and Sir Samuel Hoare, skating gracefully back into the Cabinet as First Lord of the Admiralty, was commissioned to build up the fleet. The Air Minister's first conspicuous achievement in the campaign was to quarrel with, and be promptly reconciled with, the greatest of our motor engineers on the subject of motor engines, and since then he has been in the background. Not so the Minister for War. Mr. Duff Cooper has been the most energetic of the lot, appealing for recruits and banging the clergy with great gusto.

IN the second half of the year, the Mediterranean burst into flames again, this time at its western end, and the Spanish Civil War is now in its sixth month of horror and counter-horror, of savagery and heroism, of destruction and courage. There appears to be a deadlock in front of Madrid, and the threatened attack upon Barcelona from the Balearics has not yet developed. In spite of the Non-Intervention Committee, there is no doubt that there has been intervention on both sides by foreign powers, and the presence of foreign experts and the abundance of foreign material have lengthened and intensified the struggle.

THE Far East has simmered away throughout the year, and the capture of Chiang Kai-Shek by the Young Marshal has complicated matters. Palestine has been convulsed by the Arab strike in protest against Jewish immigration, and strong forces had to be despatched from home to cope with the disorders and the organised guerilleros. In Irak there was a coup d'état and the famous Giafar Pasha was brutally murdered.

AT home there has been the death of King George the Fifth, the accession and abdication of King Edward VIII., and the accession of King George the Sixth. These events need not be further discussed. The National Government has aroused during the year little enthusiasm but at the same time little violent opposition. There have been no signs of a pendulum swing in the by-elections, and the Labour Party is gaining no ground.

In the Cabinet, the main changes have been the return of Sir Samuel Hoare, and the promotion of Mr. Elliot to a Secretaryship of State. Mr. W. S. Morrison has risen into prominence, and Mr. Churchill has been easily the outstanding figure among the private Members. Income-tax shows no signs of coming down; indeed, with the vast rearmament programme to be paid for, it almost certainly must go up. On the other hand, rearmament has given a good deal of employment, especially in the heavy industries, and has succeeded the diminishing building boom as a trade-reviver.

Seeing Father Off

Sir Ian Fraser's wife and his only child, Miss Jean Fraser, saw him off to the House of Commons on the morning of the B.B.C. debate, when his appointment as a Governor of the Corporation (with Mr. J. J. Mallon) was announced by the P.M.G. As Member for St. Pancras North, Sir Ian Fraser led the drive for free wireless licences for the blind (he was blinded in the War and is now Chairman of St. Dunstan's). He has decided to resign his seat as a result of his new job

The general estimate of the Government's record for the year is that it has done fairly well in home affairs, and pretty badly in foreign affairs.

THE Cricket Championship was won by Derbyshire to the satisfaction of everyone who were getting tired of the Lancashire-Yorkshire monopoly. The Football Association Cup was won by

Winners of the Prunier Trophy

Skipper Mair (here seen with his son Andrew and Mr. J. T. Dove, Chairman of Billingsgate) and his crew from the "Boy Andrew," had a week-end of festivity in London on the strength of the largest herring catch of the season, for which Madame Prunier, the celebrated restauranteuse, offers a trophy; it's part of her campaign for bringing out the herring into English Society. The judges are four M.P.s—Lord Elmley, Mr. Robert Boothby, Capt. Loftus and Alderman Harbord; the trophy, in Purbeck marble, is by Charles Sykes

the Arsenal, easily the most celebrated club in post-war Soccer. Its fame is as great as that of the pre-war Newcastle United, "the team of all the talents," and almost equals the legendary reputation of "Proud Preston."

PADGHAM won the Golf Championship, and Mr. Hector Thomson, the brilliant young Scot, won the Golf Amateur. He was the first home-grown Scot to win the Amateur since J. L. C. Jenkins won in 1914. The Walker Cup match was lost, as usual, but Mr. Jack McLean did a good deal to redeem our amateur golf by coming within an ace of winning the American Amateur.

We won the Davis Cup, thanks to the unconquerable Perry. Our chances will not be so good next year, Perry having turned professional. In the Olympic Games our runners did very badly. In the first Test match in Australia, and even more in the second, our cricketers have done very well. Oxford rowing and Golden Miller had an equally successful year.

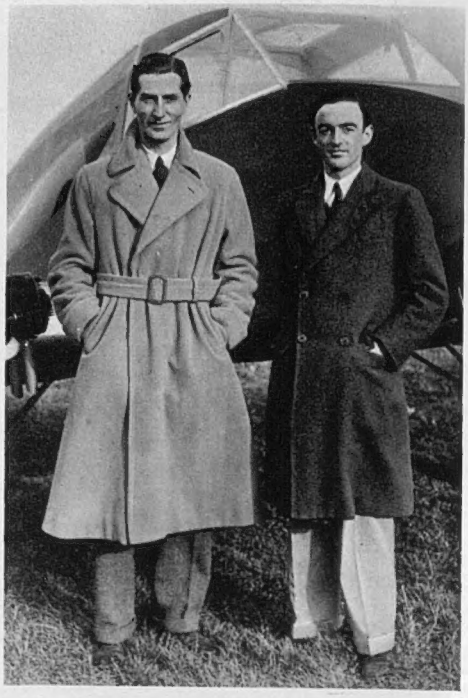
MR. ALEXANDER KORDA'S giant new studios at Denham came into large-scale production, and Mr. Charles Laughton starred in *Rembrandt*. The theatres had, on the whole, a good year, in spite of Sir James Barrie, O.M. A lot more of London was pulled down and a lot of new blocks of flats were run up. The Adelphi was destroyed, one of London's loveliest built-up areas. Mr. Hore-Belisha tried a number of experiments to reduce the mortality on the roads. The experiments were a great success, except that the mortality was not reduced. The Gaumont-British film company had a mouvementé year, and the Royal Academy once again resisted the temptation to elect Mr. James Gunn, and the *Saturday Review of Literature* (of New York) ran to earth (if I may so describe the Library of Congress at Washington) Lawrence of Arabia's unpublished book about the Air Force.

NOT a single poem worth a tinker's damn was written throughout the year, and Messrs. Wyndham Lewis (my colleague) and J. B. Morton (my ex-colleague) maintained a brilliant level of wit. Mr. Priestley wrote a best-seller. I was fined five bob for parking. France went off the gold standard. Zaharoff died. Blank, the politician, lives. Next year is the centenary of William the Fourth's death. And so on, and so on, and so on.

Let us stop brooding on the past.

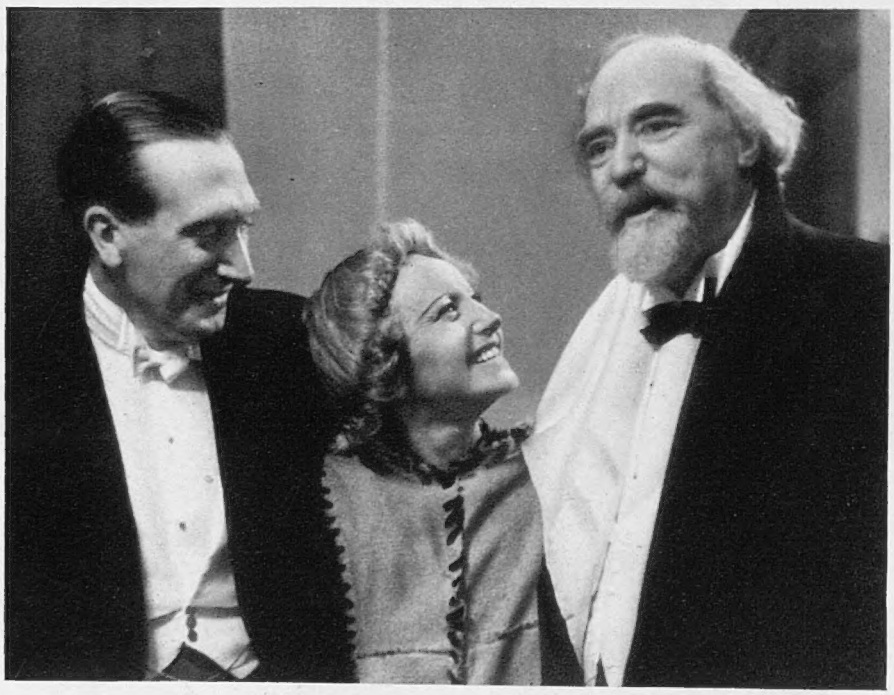
I DON'T care one particle—as the immortal Michael Finsbury would certainly have observed—about the rumour that Franco's naval supporters have sunk a Soviet merchant-ship carrying iron ore to Belgium. And that means—as Michael Finsbury meant—that I am not at all happy about it. If it can be proved that the rumour is true, a whole crop of awkward questions come up. It would unquestionably be an act of piracy, in the sense of international law, and if there is any one country in the world which cannot allow piracy on the high seas to get away with it, Great Britain is that country. Our merchant-ships cover the Seven Seas, and the full force of our Admiralty must prevent them from falling to the depredations of Latter-day Flints. And if the Soviet decides to form a convoy system and to defend its convoys with warships, anything may happen.

THE case for the official rehabilitation of General Gough is not going to be allowed to lapse in the face of Mr. Baldwin's stubborn inertia. A deputation of about three hundred members of the House of Commons is to be received early in the year by the Prime Minister, and it will surely be impossible for him to hold out any longer. Everyone admits that injustice was done in 1918, and it is ludicrous to maintain that injustice should not be righted simply because it was done a long time ago.



Designers of an Autoplane

Mr. E. Hordern collaborated with the Duke of Richmond in designing what they consider to be the ideal aircraft for the private owner: with light luggage it can be used as a three-seater; has two 40-h.p. engines. The Duke of Richmond has been in the car business some time but flies to Goodwood at week-ends because the 30 m.p.h. limit makes motoring too slow

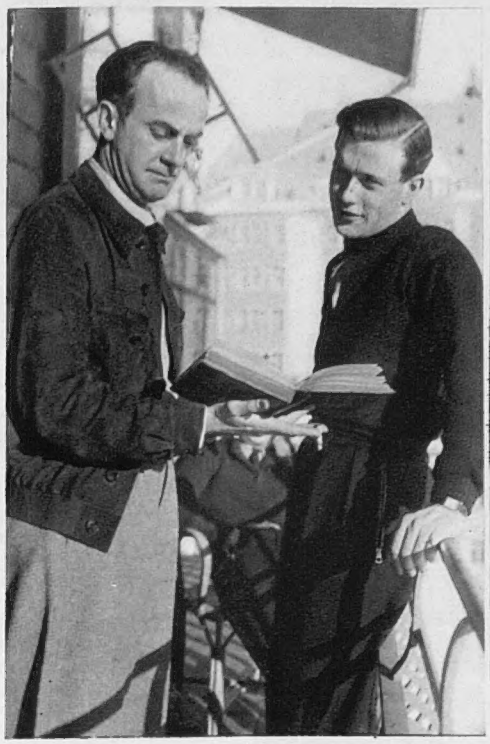


Contributors to "The Boy David"

Such a galaxy of talent names appears on the programme of His Majesty's Theatre at the moment that one positively blinks. Here are the owners of three of the famous names: William Walton who wrote the music, Elisabeth Bergner who plays David (that's her David wig and jacket), and Augustus John who is responsible for the setting with Ernst Stern

I WENT to see Miss Marlene Dietrich's technicolour version of *The Garden of Allah* and came away with mixed feelings. Some of the colours, especially the light blues and pinks, came out beautifully in the long shots. In close-up the colours are not nearly so happy, especially in the faces of the men. Miss Dietrich herself photographs variably; sometimes she is beautiful, sometimes almost frighteningly unbeautiful. Miss Tilly Losch, on the other hand, comes out magnificently, and her Oriental dance is the best thing in the film. It is very seldom that Hollywood allows a picture to drag along so slowly, and the dialogue is so packed with platitudes that I am certain the film will be an enormous box-office success.

A FEW days ago I had the good fortune to watch a tennis game—and when I say "tennis" I am speaking of the genuine article, the old French jeu de paume, and not the modern lawn offshoot—between Mr. Richard Hill, one of the three or four best amateurs in the country, and Dear, the wonderful professional of Prince's Club, who is magnificent at tennis, rackets, and squash rackets. The quickness of foot, and the retrieving of apparently impossible strokes, were quite astonishing. Very few people realise that tennis is one of the most spectacular of games, and comparatively few people have ever seen it played.



Mr. "Billy" Reardon was reading bits of Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt's memoirs to Mr. Charlie Oppenheim

Baronin Gisela von Krieger was just going to drive up to her hotel from the station in a sleigh

Miss Ida Hedin, Norwegian-American beauty, sat on the terrace after her first Swiss lunch with Señor Arturo Escalante, who is a St. Moritz regular

First Snow News from St. Moritz

MAGNIFICENT weather greeted arrivals in the Engadine during the formidable Christmas rush during which trains were run in five to eight portions. There have never been so many visitors in Switzerland before! On the Sunday before Christmas Sir Victor and Lady Warrender and their sons stepped into St. Moritz sunshine. She travelled in a green Tyrolean felt. Mr. "Jack" Heaton, who was another early arrival, sent his luggage into the Palace and walked straight up to the funicular station and "did a Corviglia" before lunch.

Mr. Charles Oppenheim, that very eligible bachelor whose party of twelve is assembling daily, also did away with the usual twelve hours' rest for acclimatisation, but after his run he basked on the Palace terrace, where "Billy" Reardon was reading aloud the memoirs of Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt, to the satisfaction of a large audience including Mr. "Patsy" Richardson, who is not, after all, running Corviglia Club this year, to his regret and ours.

Kay Francis, the film actress, "Paddy" Green and "Mouse" Cleaver, the crack ski-ers, the former Alison Campbell, now Mrs. John Russell, honeymooning, pretty Amalia Demetriadi post-honeymooning with William Rhodes-Moorehouse, the beauteous Baronin Gisela von Krieger, and the lively Ida Hedin, former Follies dancer, gave the season a soaring start.

Mrs. Leonard Govett is wearing the latest ski-ing idea — a very short Austrian skirt with which goes a longer-than-usual check tweed jacket, and hand-knitted stockings. Good figure, legs and ski-ing demanded by this ensemble

Mr. "Patsy" Richardson, gold "K" on chest, sat between two brothers-in-law, Mr. Springett Demetriadi and Mr. William Rhodes-Moorehouse, who married Amalia Demetriadi a month or two ago

Lady Ratendone and Mr. Tiarks

Lady Ratendone had a joint party with Lady Sackville for the Virginia Ball which was held at Grosvenor House in aid of the American Bed at Queen Charlotte's Hospital. With her is Mr. Henry Tiarks

Mrs. Tiarks and Lord Ratendone

Mrs. Henry Tiarks and Lord Ratendone sat next each other at the Virginia Ball supper. She is Joan Barry, the film actress. The Ball was organised by Seymour Leslie, had a wonderful cabaret, and about a thousand guests as contributors to the good cause

Lord Erleigh and Lady

Two more of the thousand at Reading's son and Lord and daughter, Lady Peggy just eighteen. Lord Erleigh

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

EVEN scribblers like we are must uproot ourselves occasionally, and during the next two weeks this page will be written from Scotland, Wales and Switzerland—a round trip, if you like, and one involving several complicated journeys.

An expedition that we would like to take, but that is not on the programme, would be a trip to Egypt, a part of the Near East that is luring many travellers this winter. Thanks to modern transportation the journey to Egypt is now only a matter of hours, and both the sea and air bookings have lately been tremendous.

Apart from the attractions of a sunny climate and the many places of historical interest, there are draws like Herr Tauber, the Viennese Opera Company, the Dublin Gate Theatre, Miss Helen Jacobs, and Von Cramm, so that all the best of sport and the drama is included in the Egyptian programme this winter.

A Snatch-and-Grab Party

WHEN a whole batch of parties in the same week occurs, and when they all happen to be super of their kind, one longs for a little more energy with which to enjoy them to the full.

Last week on the same night that Sir Alfred Beit entertained, Miss Jennifer Fry was part hostess in the party given at the Rumbolds' house just opposite Sir Alfred's.

For this, earlier in the evening, Mrs. Gilbey and the Hon. Hamish Erskine gave a buffet or "snatch-and-grab" dinner-party at the latter's very attractive mews flat behind Eaton Square.

People came and went the whole evening, some loitering awhile before going on to the later party, others leaving quickly in order to look in on Sir Alfred as well.

The Hon. Mrs. Peter Rodd was one we saw, wearing a most attractive blue and scarlet ensemble; Mrs. Simon Harcourt Smith, in a high-waisted pale satin dress, just back from Brussels, where her husband is in the throes of settling down to a Diplomatic sojourn of two years.

Young Mrs. Jenkinson in a becoming white satin dress, and her sister, Kit Dunn, were there; Mrs. de Winton Wills, also clad in white satin, but bespattered with gold sequins; Lord Stanley of Alderley, who talked seriously to the Hon. Anthony Winn in a corner. At the next party we ran into the Hon. Mrs. Pilkington, whom we have scarcely laid eyes on since her second marriage.

Sir Alfred's party across the way we heard was great fun, people getting wildly excited about the lucky numbers and prizes which were won by Lady Mendl and Mr. Johnny Macmullen. Young Max Aitkin was one person we heard of there, just back from a prolonged trip to the States.

From the West Indies

MR. CHARLES BIRKIN is a very thorough young man, and one of his hobbies is being a thoroughly good host. His "East of Suez" party at the Bon Viveur was enormous fun, and the two best costumes were worn by his sister and his niece, Mrs. Dudley Ward and the lovely Penelope. They both wore scarlet head-dresses and long, full, gaily-coloured dresses, and obviously hailed from the West Indies.

Lady Carlisle, in a khaki shirt, trousers and topée, was an English sportswoman in the jungle; Mrs. Guinness was cleverly disguised as a missionary; her daughter, Mrs. James, and Lady Charles Cavendish were both the sort of ladies one never meets—just quite different versions of Sadie Thompson in *Rain*.

A Pukka Poona

LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY wore a most lovely dress and high, jewelled head-dress—we forgot to ask where she came from. Lady Plunket was, as far as we remember, a Persian lady. Anyway, her gold dress and veiled head-dress were immensely becoming. She danced with Mr. Jim Lawrence, who was an elderly "Pukka Poona" with a white walrus moustache.

Some of the men, Lord Plunket, Sir Anthony Weldon, and Mr. "Winkie" Portman, for instance, were resplendent in immaculate white dinner suits. The host of this lovely party, disguised as a coolie of sorts, provided an exceptionally good cabaret: Nina Mae McKinney, always enchanting, and a dance by Walter Crisham and Erica Leslie, both famous exponents of the terpsichorean art.

He Misses Mrs. Montagu

A LONG letter from Rex Evans in Hollywood is full of news.

Roland Leigh, whom you all remember, is making an enormous success of scenario writing, and has bought a house in Beverly Hills, furnished it divinely, and gave a party there recently for the Cole Porters.

Lady Tredegar had just arrived, and parties galore were being organised in her honour.

Lord Warwick seems to be the socialite star of the moment, and we shall see him in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney* with Joan Crawford.

Rex himself has been playing in the latest Garbo film, *Camille*, and is going to take part in a colour picture with Janet Gaynor. In his leisure hours he misses Tanis Montagu, with whom he often played bridge. Well, we miss him over here, too, but it must be great fun to

Cavendish-Bentinck

the Virginia Ball were Lord Lady Titchfield's younger Cavendish-Bentinck, who is comes of age next March

Lady Morris and Her Daughter

Lord and Lady Morris have two daughters ; this one is a month or two old, and is called Clodagh. Lady Morris was Jean Maitland - Makgill - Crichton before her marriage in 1933 ; her husband succeeded to the title in 1935

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Malcolm

The small son of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Malcolm was christened at Lambeth Palace ; his parents chose him Timothy David as names. Victor Malcolm is Sir Ian and Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch's son ; Mrs. Malcolm is Ann Todd

be one of that famous film colony for a year or two.

Made Our Mouths Water

It was at Mr. Edward Hutton's party that we saw Lady Seafield and her husband. They were only in London for a few days and are entertaining a party for Christmas at Cullen.

Lady Seafield's picture dress of stiff lacquer red silk was most becoming, and we liked her new method of hair-dressing—fat, round curls surrounding her brow.

Mickie Hood, that beautiful, much-photographed young actress, was about the loveliest girl there. She wore a slim, dark blue dress and danced considerably with Lord Poulett.

Captain Jolliffe made our mouths water by giving us details of a trip to Rio on which he is about to embark. Mrs. "Teddy" Thompson, who was at the same table, was telling us that she is off to Cannes for a long holiday.

A Lucky Find

An outstandingly good cocktail-party was that given last week by Mrs. Bertie Stern and Mrs. Bill Eykin, really as a house-warming for the former's lovely new house in Charles Street.

Short-sleeved black dresses were worn by the joint hostesses who welcomed an enormous collection of guests.

We found the John Bealys, country dwellers now, he immensely proud of his son and heir, she looking very pretty in a difficult mortar-board beret ; Sir Edward Worthington, whose daughter is a bride of the moment ; Lady Carlisle, who is house-hunting for a suitable house in which to bring out her Coronation Year debutante daughter ; Lady Annaly, wearing a black beret romantically trimmed with a green ostrich feather, and dozens and dozens more.

Mrs. Stern told us of the great find that she and her husband had after taking this house from Gertrude Lady Dunn. They discovered that there was exquisite old panelling buried under layer after layer of paint in every room that mattered.

Country Peace !

We have been laughing at a sad story we have just heard of an over-tired and overworked woman who went to spend a quiet and peaceful week-end with a girl friend in her country cottage.

The visitor retired early and was warned that the only possible thing that might disturb her would be a mouse or two. She fell asleep at once and after a somewhat disturbed night, when she dreamt of a great deal of noise, she was awakened about 7 a.m. by a crash-bang-crash in the tiny room. Peering around in the grey dawn she saw an enormous owl perched on top of a cupboard. It was much larger than the only tiny window that was open, and she realised it had been there the entire night. A strange bed-fellow to choose for a quiet night !

When the other inhabitants were called in to help, they laughed so much that the owl was terrified and flew around until it was eventually captured and carried down to the front door. As the cottage is only used for week-ends, and there is a cowl on the bedroom chimney, it is a mystery how the bird ever got in.

MISS PEEPS

Brothers and Sisters—a Pre-Wedding Group

Prince Frederick of Prussia, Lady Prudence Jellicoe, Earl Jellicoe and Princess Cecilie of Prussia were photographed after a wedding rehearsal on the day before Lady Prudence Jellicoe's marriage to Mr. F. W. Loudon last week at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. Lord Jellicoe gave his sister away, and Princess Cecilie of Prussia was one of the bridesmaids. She and her brother came over to London specially for the wedding

Cannons of Hollywood

The Lady Diana Percy

Lady Diana Percy is the younger of the Duke of Northumberland's sisters, was born in 1917, and came out in the Jubilee season. She and her sister, Lady Elizabeth Percy, who is a year older, are very little in London; they spend most of their time at home at Alnwick Castle in Northumberland, and hunt regularly with the Percy. The pack belongs to their brother and he and their mother, the Duchess of Northumberland, are joint Masters. The Duke, who is twenty-five, is P.P.S. to Lord Swinton, the Secretary of State for Air. Besides two castles in Northumberland, Alnwick and Kielder, he owns Albury Park in Surrey, Syon House on the Thames near Brentford, and a house in Prince's Gate

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 52

H. V. Morton

H. V. (Harry Vollam) Morton is far and away the most successful author alive to-day, if one excludes film rights and other by-products that the ordinary novelist enjoys. His latest travel book, *In the Steps of St. Paul*, sold three hundred thousand copies in a month, and by Christmas will have done another hundred thousand. J. B. Priestley and P. G. Wodehouse cannot begin to compare with this. And Harry Morton deserves all his success. The son of an editor of a small Lancashire newspaper who ended up as managing editor of a group of four newspapers in Birmingham, he had to run the gauntlet of provincial journalism, as well as that of Fleet Street. It is a coincidence that he was getting fifteen shillings a week on the *Birmingham Gazette* when Tom Webster was getting thirty-five shillings on the *Birmingham Weekly Mercury*, and now they both live on five-figure incomes within three doors of each other in Grosvenor Place, overlooking the gardens of Buckingham Palace.

The visible turning point in H. V.'s career was when the first story he ever signed in a newspaper appeared with a credit line from the Valley of the Kings (Tutankhamen papers please copy). But one should really go back to the day when, at the age of eight, he walked into his father's library, took down a copy of a translation of Herodotus, and never twitched until he had read it right through. After that he gave up chocolate and pat-a-cake biscuits to buy Egyptian beads mailed to him from an antique dealer in Wandsworth, and learnt the language of hieroglyphics. Meantime, he became a reporter—and for a brief period a sub-editor (thus passing the Rubicon of all first-class journalists by joining the *Daily Mail*).

Came the war and, after enlisting as a trooper, a commission with the Warwickshire Yeomanry. An indeterminate period in Fleet Street followed until the Affaire Tutankhamen. After which appeared his first collection of travel essays, followed by all those "In Search Of's." Each has done over a hundred thousand. *In the Steps of the Master* has reached nearly half a million, and I 've already told you about his latest.

H. V. writes like an aeroplane. He does longhand for the first few hundred words, and then, when he has gathered momentum, or, rather, flying speed, starts to typewrite. Sometimes he does not leave his flat for four days—going unshaven. Incidentally, he makes the best Scotch broth in London ; hates golf ; likes the Welcome Snail in London, and Foyot in Paris ; goes to the cinema when he is stuck over a book ; walks round Piccadilly before the shops open ; has a Spanish great-grandfather ; feels that the dignity and self-sufficiency of a cat is a lesson to everyone ; abominates cocktail-parties and financial speculators ; collects old coins and is learning modern Greek ; is taking lessons in drawing from Austin Spare ; hates lecturing ; wants to write an historical novel ; and is now achieving a life's ambition by building the biggest play-room in the country. He is achieving this by knocking together three barns in Hampshire.

H. V. has a very attractive voice, brilliant brown eyes, a small dark moustache, a mother who came from the Island of Mull, and an innate shyness. I almost forgot to say that he is also the star feature-writer of the *Daily Herald*, apparently Mr. Elias being the only newspaper magnate who can afford to employ him. — **Charles Graves**

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"The Boy David" (His Majesty's)

THE measure of Sir James Barrie's long-expected play, now at last visible at His Majesty's Theatre, may be taken from the fact that God is referred to all through as The Other One. This is pure Barrie. And when the boy David, who, it is clear both from the script and from Elisabeth Bergner's acting, never could grow up, looks toward the ceiling this way and that for The Other One, God and Tinker-Bell, even though we hear no *ponk*, are immediately unified.

The parallel with Peter Pan is unescapable. The boy David brags just as the boy Peter brags. When he comes in with his exaggerated story of lion-killing, he is Peter returning to Wendy and answering her question, "Any luck?" with "Oh, two lions and a pirate," or words to that effect. The pirates become Philistines, Captain Hook becomes Saul, and Peter's pipe becomes David's harp.

Just as Peter, miraculously suspended in air, goes on playing his pipe after Hook has banged the barrel with his bludgeon, so David goes on playing his harp after Saul has launched a spear at his heart that miraculously leaves him scatheless. And just as Wendy, when Peter crows, stamps her foot, saying, "I suppose *I* did nothing," to which Peter answers, "Oh, yes, you did a *little*," so David treats the assistance of The Other One in his exploits.

But a truce to parallels. I could fill a page with them.

The Prophet Samuel: Sir John Martin-Harvey

THESE parallels are, nevertheless, significant because they indicate that Barrie, instead of mounting to the grandeur of the Old Testament story, has brought it down to his own playful level. On that level, the first act in the House of Jesse is full of the author's characteristic art, his whimsies being more subdued, if no less inherent, than in the old days. There are many charming touches, as David's continual and half-awed feeling of his head after he has been anointed by Samuel.

The second act, which brings us to Saul and Goliath, is not quite so satisfactory. After welcoming the spectacle of Bergner at her old tricks again, we begin to feel the need of a new one. The meeting, however, between Saul and David, is happily written. The harp-playing at the finish is most effective. It is not until the third act that Barrie's hand really falters. But here David's dreams of the future let in a serious draught into the action, with consequent coughing from the first-night audience. The pace lags. The interest flags. We hope it will be over sooner than it is.

The Girl David: Elisabeth Bergner

Sketches by Rouson

The Captain Ophir (Leon Quartermaine), the King Saul (Godfrey Tearle), the Messenger Nathan (Ion Swinley)

THE Saul of Godfrey Tearle is a sterling piece of work. Martin-Harvey (Samuel), Leon Quartermaine (Ophir), Ion Swinley (Nathan), Jean Cadell (David's mother), lend staunch support. As for Bergner, she is enchanting till she begins to pall. Her David is Gemma in sheep's clothing. She certainly suits Barrie to a T. Those, however, who declined to name her a great actress on the strength of one stage performance, will probably still refuse to take the plunge. My own opinion is that it takes about ten Bergners to make one Edith Evans. And of those ten Bergners, nine remain to be seen.

Alec Clunes as Jim Lee

Ronald Shiner as Joe

Bernard Nedell as Bellamy

Sam Wilkinson as Skid

"Hell-for-Leather!"

The Racer at the Phœnix

Hell-for-Leather! has the same author (Barré Lyndon) and the same producer (Claud Gurney) as *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse.* But while the latter deals with people in whom everyone is interested, the former deals with racing cars, which are not everybody's party. But the cars are handled so well and so realistically and so thrillingly that they make up for the percentage of lost interest, especially in the generous crash (below) which finishes (almost permanently) the play. Bernard Nedell, who was last connected with another form of racing in *Three Men on a Horse,* and his wife, Olive Blakeney, Alec Clunes as a dashing (sic) hero, Anthony Ireland, as the blackest villain who ever tampered with a back-axle, and Robert Rendel are as effectively active in front of the scenes as the stage-manager behind

Photographs by John Everard

Literary Lions for the Fireside Season

Mrs. Clare Sheridan's *Arab Interlude* was a November feast. It tells, with characteristic frankness, her life in the Sahara from 1926-34. A cousin of Winston Churchill, a sculptress of the first rank and an incisive writer, she is a mass of likeable intolerances

Green-eyed Ella ("Kini") Maillart, the fascinating Swiss explorer, Olympic ski-er and sailor, has had a success on the Continent with her book about her hike from Pekin to India with Peter Fleming, and the Irish poet, McCreevy, is translating it and it will appear here as *Forbidden Journey* in February

Godfrey Winn wrote novels before he found that sob-stuff goes over big in the dailies. Still sells books like hot cakes. Industrious and ambitious, he began on the stage. Has nice mother and pretty forehand drive. Aims for millionairedom at sixty, no nonsense about art for art's sake

The Second Cage-ful

Above: John Buchan, first Baron Tweedsmuir's career is more interesting than his most exciting plot. From Minister's "laddie" to Governor-General. Persevering, humorous, "débrouillard," he writes the cleanest English of them all in Robert Louis' tradition. His best book was life of Montrose. Married a Grosvenor but retains Peebles accent

Right: Louis Bromfield's Sunday lunches outside Paris are smarter than Lady Mendl's, which is saying. He gathers "best" visiting Americans from the arts and the Social Registers. Popular wife provides perfect foods. Good at French colour, nostalgic note and modern counterpoint. *Twenty-Four Hours* put him there. Not big; competent

Mary Borden is outside her London house with pet dog. *Action for Slander* is her latest novel. An American from the Middle West, she made a world name with *Jane Our Stranger*, in which Parisians saw themselves. Married to Brig.-Gen. E. L. Spears, M.P.

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

STEPPING into a West End post-office last week to order one of those dainty new red-blue-and-gold Christmas telegraph forms, all over Cupids, Blue Birds, horseshoes, lucky slippers, wishbones, and joy-bells, we were surprised, and rather gratified, to be asked by the blushing sweetheart behind the bars to wait a moment, because the supervisor was going to give us a real Christmas hug.

We said: "What's the idea?" and she said: "Just a little new idea of the Postmaster-General's for making the public happy this Christmas." We said: "Is the hug compulsory?" and she said, "So far, but a lot of customers have been asking for a free three-half-penny stamp instead. Of course we can't do anything about that, because it's against the regulations, but there's a lot of feeling about it." We said, "What are the regulations about the hug?" and she said, "Thirty seconds, close but temperate contact, every regard for propriety, and no conversation beyond: 'The Post Office wishes you a happy Christmas, dear,' the reply being, 'Thank you very much, sweetness.'"

We asked if the regulations had been infringed as yet. She said yes, a bronzed gentleman on leave from Kenya had bitten the supervisor's ear lightly that very afternoon, crying "Love conquer's all, as Lady Houston remarked last week." To this the supervisor replied, "I must inform you that you are breaking the Post Office regulations." At this the Kenya gentleman said hoarsely, "I will twine your little spectacles with holly and winter roses and drown with you in an ocean of joy." The supervisor then rang a bell, and the gentleman was ejected.

Query

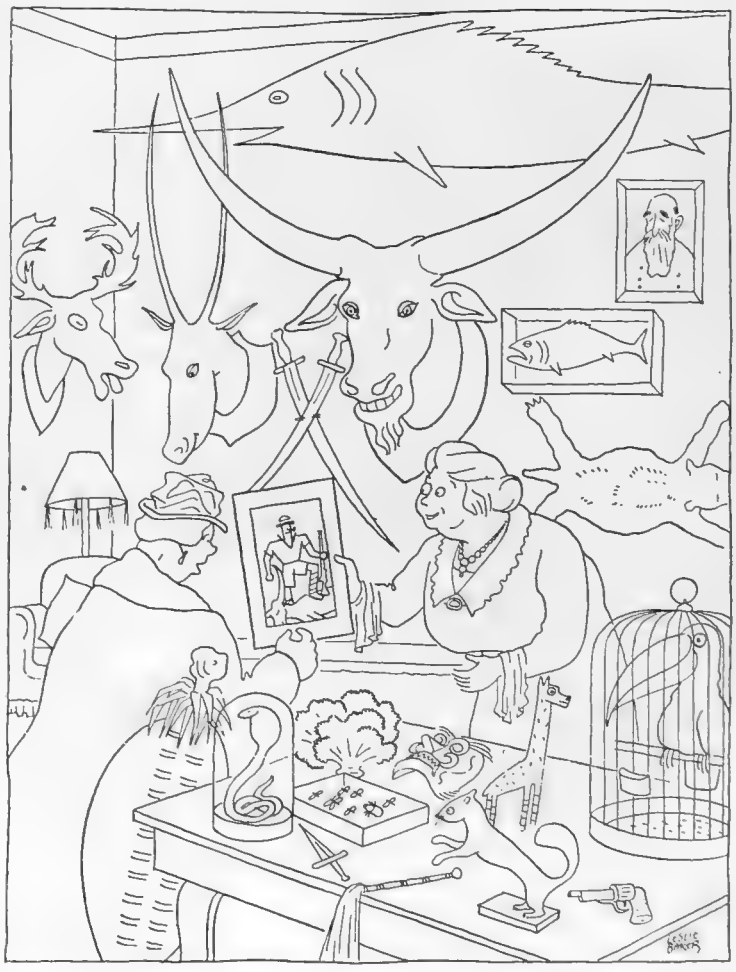
OUR own experience was cool but pleasant. Having exchanged the regulation greeting, we asked the supervisor to waltz. "She said, I have to inform you that is against the regulations." We said, "Well, sing something." After a little coaxing she sang us a song called "Shipmate o' Mine," hooting like a steamer between verses and sketching the opening steps of a hornpipe. The only thing that spoilt our pleasure was the thought that perhaps she wasn't sincere, but was only doing it to boost the sale of stamps and so forth. A jealous postman whispered it to us, as we left, blowing kisses, and it's gnawing like a canker at our heart.

Why Worry?

SEEING, incidentally, that each question asked in the House of Commons costs the taxpayer anything from £4 upwards, a recent question to the P.M.G. by the (lady) Conservative member for Frome seemed pretty good value for money. She wanted to know whether the P.M.G. was "aware that it is impossible to buy a stamp in the village of Ballbrook (Somerset), and whether the Post Office was thinking of providing vans to visit such villages."

A Royal Commission will probably have to go into this affair now, examining all the inhabitants of Ballbrook on oath, and finding out if they really want to buy stamps, or if they were only fooling their M.P.; and if they do, what their favourite stamp is, and why. There may be, of course, innocent young Ballbrook girls whose lovers have promised to buy them a stamp for years, and whose blue eyes are cynical with disillusion. Handsome evil strangers with crisp black moustaches may swagger into the village laying waste whole households by carelessly flourishing a dozen three-h'penny browns at a time before the avid eyes of their victims. On the other hand there may be nobody in the village who gives a damn whether he (or she) never sees a stamp at all, and with these stout rustic hearts we sympathise, for to write a letter is death to us.

The French, to whose civilisation we all owe so much, have evolved a simple and admirable way of coping with this unendurable evil, the necessity



"That's my Geoffrey, Mrs. Boothroyd; he never forgets his old mother"

for correspondence. They never answer letters at all. Consider what this dignified attitude saves, not only in stamps, but in the subterfuge, tarradiddle, sophistry and lies with which 95 per cent. of letters are crammed, especially those of business men to blondes. Then ask yourself why the Conservative member for Frome should make herself so needlessly officious.

Grand Old Whatnot

LAST week's Oldest Turk, according to an Istambul message, is named Hassan. He is aged 127, lives near the Dardanelles, and is otherwise as deathly uninteresting an old gentleman as one would care to meet. Every other week Turkey produces one of these, and we 're surprised that Kemal Ataturk, who 's supposed to be creating a brand new Turkey, doesn't do something about it. If he can abolish the fez, and crown an entire nation with hideous cloth caps, as worn in Bradford, he can surely check this centenarian racket ?

We harp on this because we genuinely fear the effect of this constant advertising of Turkish longevity on our own nation, itself hungry for a Grand Old Man to worship, as a recent newspaper agitation proved. We would not put it across some enterprising publicity man to smuggle over one of those 175-year-old Turks, wash him, dress him, and run him for Britain's G.O.M. amid the cheers and veneration of the populace. The language difficulty is nothing. A G.O.M. need only mumble in his beard, and the reporters will do the rest ; or a concealed gramophone would solve the entire problem. We haven't had a G.O.M. since Gladstone, with the result that there 's practically nobody for the citizenry to idolise except cricketers, to whom we give presentation silver teapots much too often, considering their low vitality.

" After all, George, you can't go far wrong with rolls and butter "

We can't be much longer without a G.O.M., and it seems to us we 're faced with two alternatives, each equally distasteful but unavoidable : old Mr. Hassan (or one of his fellow racketeers) or old Mr. G. B. Shaw, who 's had a beady eye on the post for years.

Think it over and ask yourself if your prejudice against Turks isn't, after all, rather foolish and unnecessary.

" I only asked him for a match "

As Worn

ACCORDING to a manifesto just issued by the Merchant Tailors' Designers' Association of New York, the well-dressed man needs nineteen suits of clothes ; no more, no less. Running a languid but benevolent eye down the list of gents' suiting recommended as essential—they seem to get on with very little—we especially noticed six business suits, one " informal " walking suit, and one " host-jacket " of blue wool for entertaining friends (as it probably will). Another thing that seemed to us terribly ill-advised was the recommendation of " midnight-blue " for dinner-suit and dress clothes, the unfortunate thing about midnight-blue dress clothes being, as we ourselves have observed with these old but penetrating eyes, that though supposed to look black in artificial light, they remain midnight-blue, and you perpetually expect their wearer to open his mouth very wide and croon.

Perhaps the six business suits (two blue, two grey, two brown, is the order) are the most interesting items psychologically. Practically all those stern young wavy-haired, iron-jawed, exquisitely-tailored Greek gods twelve feet high we meet in the ad. pages of the better American magazines, each toying with a Stock Market tape or lounging implacably with a telephone, are in navy blue ; the approved colour, it seems, for bulling Mazumas at 48 or catching somebody short in United Weezles. Grey may be the correct colour for engaging (or patting) a new typist. Brown may be the correct colour in which to fire under-managers. Blue is obviously the only wear for putting over the real Big Business stuff, especially when somebody 's looking at you.

As for that " informal " walking suit (blue jacket and waistcoat, blue and white striped trousers), does it mean, as we suspect, that when you wear it you can play laughable tricks on your companion ? Suddenly dropping on all-fours, we mean, or dancing Russian, or rolling over and shamming dead now and again in a busy thoroughfare ?

Moment Oriental

RECLINING on our divan in the BYSTANDER office, dreamily smoking our nargileh while six beautiful slaves sprayed us with rosewater, we could not help raising our eyebrows lightly at a recent newspaper article by a beauty specialist passionately deploring the existence of the Too-Plump-Girl. Such wailings struck us as pitiable. A Nubian slave having brought us our copy of the Thousand and One Nights, illuminated on chicken-skin, in a jewelled cover, we turned to Night 336, where the stout and exquisite girl named Full Moon lauds her charms before the rich merchant Ali El-Yamani :

Now praise be to Allah who created my embonpoint, packing me with cushions everywhere and stuffing my skin with fat which exales frankincense near and far ! He also hath not refused me sufficient muscles in time of need, to give my enemy a punch sufficient to turn him into quince marmalade ! . . . Who, without a shiver of delight, can contemplate my massive form ? . . . (etc.)

This seemed to us a sufficient reply to the modern cult of the Hop-Pole Girl, that skinny menace ; and having taken counsel of the Sheik Al-Anthomas and the Emir Ar-Chibal'd M'akdonn-Ell, we rejoiced to find that these two great ones confirmed us in our opinion. For it is written : " *Are not the big girls of Rô-Din lovelier than all the elephants of Hind, and they that bang the hoqui more beautiful than a thin camel in the Gate of Peacocks ?* "

Reading further, we discovered that the exquisite Full Moon was herself an old Rô-Din girl, and a former captain of *hoqui*, and that with her mighty right she had knocked out many sheiks and emirs, not counting a djinn of the Arabian Desert who rashly challenged her to fight. Then why this ridiculous modern passion for slimming and starving ? It is a folly (we said shrugging, taking our afternoon haschisch on a golden spoon with roseleaf jam), and it will pass. Our streets will some day be glorious with enormous girls in full sail, their massive tread shaking the houses and compelling the passers-by to cries of wonderment and awe. Bismillah, we said, turning over to repose, it is a passing madness. Thus comforted, we slept (as is the BYSTANDER custom) till the evening meal, and the revelry which follows.

Festa

IF all those casks of caviar recently washed ashore at Sandgate and Hythe from a sunken Russian steamer were really in good condition, somebody 's in luck, this being the season. Even more so if it turns out to be Sterlet, the smallest-grained and rarest caviar of all, which hardly ever gets as far as this country, an epicure tells us (especially since the Soviet boys took over). The kind we mostly get are Beluga, with a large grain, or Ossetrova, slightly smaller. And we don't personally get an awful lot of either, except when feeding with publishers.

Feeding with publishers is not everybody's privilege, and most authors eagerly seize what few opportunities they get. If you remember, Dr. Johnson ate with his publisher, Mr. Cave, at least once, a plate of food being sent him where he stood behind a screen, from the table where Cave and a social equal were dining. This very happily illustrates the distance between author and publisher, though nowadays, we admit, publishers are more democratic, and let you sit down with them and ask for what you like, within reason. Only once has a publisher ever definitely told his butler at the dinner-table not to give us any plovers' eggs. We forget the reason he gave to his other guests. He said we weren't used to them, or something.

High Life Dept.

ON the other hand, we were at a very nice party the other night given by Messrs. Dent to meet M. Georges Duhamel, author of *Salavin*, and we must say there were no restrictions at all. Authors and critics of all kinds hung round the buffet unchecked. Some of them apparently had not had a meal for months, but no waiter rebuked them—still less Mr. Hugh Dent, kindliest of men. Still, we don't think it 's quite the thing to go away with your hat full of caviar sandwiches, and—mentioning no names—we thought Mr. Gerald Bullett was justified in describing such a solecism to us as pretty lousy.

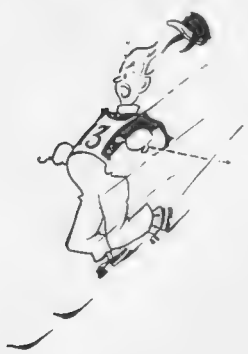
D. B. Wyndham Lewis.

" Look, warder — up before you this morning ! "

Waxing up

"Sez You!"

Going!



Going!

Gone!!

Le Wintersporting

(3) Ski Speedway: Thoughts on Racing

By W. D. H. McCullough

(Part Author of "You Have Been Warned")

The Very Idea

THE very flattering suggestion that you should put your name down for the beginners' race. The feeling that one will definitely do it next year. The rather overbearing fellow who comes up and says that you will never learn to ski unless you do a bit of racing, and that this isn't a race anyway—it is just a sort of tour for old ladies and gentlemen who get bored with trying to do turns and that it is just the thing for you. The unfortunate fact that one has the exact amount of francs in one's pocket to pay the entrance fee. The general curse of persuasive experts. The rather magnificent feeling of seeing one's name up on the list. The unnerving look of astonishment when one's friends see the entry. The thought that one is really very stupid to allow oneself to be bullied into things.

The Preliminaries

THE strenuous preparations of skis and one's initiation into the mysteries of wax. The ghastly advice of an old racing man who says that if you find yourself getting frightened because you are going too fast, try to make yourself go faster, and that will make you feel your actual speed is slower than it might be. The falling into an uneasy sleep the night before with this thought in one's mind. The horrid shock on waking of remembering that this is the morning of the race. The decision to have rather less cherry jam than usual for breakfast by way of training. The fearfully tough, professional look of most of the other competitors. The endless climb up to the start. The rather superior feeling of getting large numbers strapped on to one's chest and back. The very satisfactory process of being photographed with stern and resolute expression. The suggestion from a friend that in view of one's characteristic ski-ing position the number on one's back should, for perfect visibility, be rather lower down.

The Start

THE final instructions from the starter. The sudden terrific relief when one realises that the man with the number next to you is trembling as much as you are from a cause which one generously describes as excitement. The last look round. The feeling that one would have been very much wiser to have settled down and really mastered the lifted stem instead of going off on this mad venture. The very alarming hush just before the first man goes off. The appalling rate at which he starts. The thought that one has only forty seconds more. The glorious comfort of seeing one of the other starters coming down a tremendous cropper a few yards from the start. The feeling when one has five seconds to go that one's left ski is a bit loose. The voice of doom that tells one to go.

The Race

THE extraordinary amount of effort that it takes to get started at all—the awful moment as one practically sits down after the first push off—the appalling acceleration that results from the new wax that one's adviser has put on—the first rather bad bump—the fact that one's heart has been in one's mouth now for three hundred yards, and that one is still standing up and gathering speed—the run out on to a piece of perfect snow—the first rather haggard turn. The rapture of coming out of a christie in light powder snow—the sudden thought that one is really rather good—the second turn to the left that comes off even better than before—the decision that one is a master and that the rest of the course can be taken straight—the glorious acceleration of the next few yards—the terrifying feeling that one is now going straight, flat out, absolutely out of control and getting faster every second—the awful irony of the friend who yells "You are going splendidly!"

The Fall

THE sudden realisation that at the next tiny irregularity in the ground one is going to take the most frightful fall in the whole history of ski-ing—the arrival of the irregularity—the feeling that all is lost—the advent of another bump which jolts one up straight again—the petrifying fact that one is still upright and travelling faster than the human frame has ever travelled on the face of the earth. The thought that by this time one is getting very near the finish—the lightning consideration of the possible number of people likely to be killed when one arrives at the finish at this speed—the sudden yawn of an enormous hole caused by one of the other runners. The monumental, terrifying, all-shattering, everlasting, smashing, rolling, crashing fall that is the immediate result.

The Finish

THE coarse laughter from the people who are standing near the finish—the realisation that one's last dying spasm of fury has enabled one to stagger up again—the desperate decision to finish the race even if one has lost both legs and has to ski on the stumps—the infuriating discovery that one is completely unharmed—the rather sheepish shuffle past the finishing post—the bracing news that one is not last. The wonderful feeling that evening in the bar of telling people who weren't there that in a race of course there is nothing like taking everything straight.

On the Roof of the World — With the Mountain Tops for Company

In the Engadine: Two Snowscapes Near St. Moritz

Prelude to Pleasure: the Slow Climb at the Start of a Tour

Fair and Friends

Two Attractive Young Socialites

Photographs by Peter North

Miss Charmian Fane

Charmian Fane is the elder daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Fane. She came out in 1934, the same year as Lady Ann Villiers. The two of them are very good friends and go about together a lot; they are an extremely attractive couple of twenty-year-olds. Charmian Fane's mother and her aunt, the Hon. Mrs. John Bowes-Lyon, are co-heiresses to the barony of Clinton. The Fanes live in Devon, and have a family of four: another daughter besides Charmian, and two sons, the elder of whom is in the Coldstream Guards

Lady Ann Child-Villiers

Left: Lady Ann Villiers is the Earl of Jersey's younger sister, and was one of the beauties of her debutante season, though not a much-publicised one. She lives with her mother, Lady Cynthia Slessor, in Sussex Gardens, not far from her married elder sister, Lady Joan Colville, who has a house in Gloucester Terrace. Her brother, Lord Jersey, has just taken and done up a small house in London—in Farm Street

Anthony

William Teeling—Explorer in Four Continents

William Teeling is an explorer in a political and not a geographical sense, although his studies of social problems have shown him more of the world geographically than most people see. He started his investigations in England quite soon after he came down from Oxford; later on (1929), fought Silvertown (West Ham) as a Conservative; spent nearly three years in Canada and the U.S.A. studying immigration and economic and unemployment problems, repeated the process in England, France, Germany, Austria and Italy, and then went off East, to Australia, New Zealand, China and Japan. That trip gave him the material for his last book, *Gods of To-morrow*, published some weeks ago. Now he is on the European trail again, studying Germany under Hitler for the Rockefeller Foundation. William Teeling is Irish, thirty-four, concentrated, restless, ambitious; he can speak as well as write (his publications include articles for the *Times* and four or five books), and has the gift of combining a close-up view of life—from the bed of a doss-house, for example—with the long perspective of a serious and discerning student of affairs

Ramon Novarro Is Musical

He is playing a selection from his latest composition to William K. Howard, who returned to America recently after completing "Fire Over England" for Korda. Novarro has not been over-active since "The Night is Young," free-lancing a bit and, now, making a small film in France

Claudette Colbert Caricatures

The best-dressed woman in Hollywood (does she paint in—or with—those feathers?) has posed in front of her caricature of Wesley Ruggles, who directed her in "Gilded Lady." Latest news of Miss Colbert is of her taking Leontovich's stage part in the film of "Tovarich"; has also completed "Maid of Salem"

Left: Guarded by his dachshund, Commander Sir Guy Standing chooses his sketching headquarters with an English eye for a peaceful spot. His newest part is that of a Scotland Yard inspector in "Bulldog Drummond" (Welsh Ray Milland in the name part), now in production. He plans to hold an exhibition in London next February

Richard Cromwell Decorates

Richard Cromwell, who made his big success in "Bengal Lancer" and later appeared in "Among the Missing" and "Name the Woman," is well known as an artist; here at work on a decorative, decadent frieze. Next picture will be made over here, rumour says

Harold Lloyd Copies Old Masters

Fitted out with all the trickiest and latest in the way of artist's desk paraphernalia, Harold Lloyd started properly by copying "The Angelus," Blue Boys and Madonnas and Childs, Manet, Degas, Constable; now he tramps out with Sir Guy Standing to paint landscapes

Art for Art's Sake

Off-the-Set Preoccupations Of Some Hollywood Stars

Gary Cooper Draws

Not music, not even tuba playing (as Mr. Deeds does it), but drawing is Gary Cooper's hobby (notice the likeness between artist and model in this picture?). This highly polished actor, now a No. 1 box-office draw, has just finished Cecil B. de Mille's "The Plainsman"

Left: Jean Muir, who made a name for herself in "As the Earth Turns," and is now back in an agricultural part in "Lord of the Land," paints the landscape in her leisure when she's not part of it on the screen

Paul Rayloff as Georgie Porgie in the "Nursery Suite"

Left: Paul Rayloff is a new pupil in the Sadler's Wells school and this is his first stage appearance since going there. With him are Wenda Horsburgh, Joy Robson, Laurel Martin and Guinevere Parry, of the Vic-Wells corps de ballet

Joyce Farron as Little Bo-Peep

Very Young Dancers

In the Christmas Ballet at Sadler's Wells

Joyce Farron is the youngest member of the Vic-Wells company, and is taking her first solo part in the "Nursery Suite," the Elgar ballet which is given every Christmas on the same evenings as "Hansel and Gretel." She is one of the original scholarship children chosen by Ninette de Valois for the Sadler's Wells school, was there for a year before being promoted to the company; before that was at the Cone School. She is a young dancer of whom really great things are expected

Left: Jean Bedells is Phyllis Bedell's daughter, has been trained by her mother until this autumn when she joined the Sadler's Wells school. She is making her debut as Clara in the Christmas performances of "Casse Noisette," and then goes back to school until she is old enough to join the company permanently. June Vincent, who is Franz, is another of the scholarship pupils at Sadler's Wells

Photographs by Anthony

Jean Bedells and June Vincent as Clara and Franz in "Casse Noisette"

Anthony

"Hansel and Gretel"—Christmas Opera at Sadler's Wells

This is the fifth season that Humperdinck's delightful *Hansel and Gretel* has been given as the Christmas opera at Sadler's Wells; it is excellently done, is sung in English, and is one of the most popular of the Wells productions. Sybil Hambleton and Rose Morris have been Hansel and Gretel for the first three performances, and Powell Lloyd, who made a great success of the part two years ago, is the Witch. He succeeded Constance Willis who appeared for two performances before joining the company at Covent Garden to sing the same part in German. To-day Olive Dyer, who has just got back from an American concert tour, takes over Rose Morris's part as Gretel. Geoffrey Corbett conducts

Howard Coster, London

Michael Balcon Has Signed a New Contract

Quiet but not shy, quick but not rash, temperamental but not bad-tempered, Michael Balcon (Micky to gossip-writers, whom he avoids), film producer, has won his way into the first flight of his profession; and he doesn't have to go to America for it. His new contract with M.-G.-M. allows for four or five "quality" films a year, to be made in this country. This is good news about the man who has been a controlling force in British pictures for more than ten years and has produced many outstanding films in this country, four times winning the "Film Weekly" prize for the best production of the year (*Thirty-Nine Steps, The Constant Nymph, Sunshine Susie* and *I Was a Spy*). *The Good Companions* was his and, more recently, *Rome Express, It's Love Again* and *Tudor Rose*. Balcon is a Birmingham man, forty years old, lives with his family (he has an eleven-year-old daughter and five-year-old son) at Ide Hill, Sevenoaks. When he is busy, he is very, very busy; when he is not, he treats leisure in a leisurely way—reading, walking, watching cricket

Films of the Day

"The Garden of Allah": By George Campbell

I HAVE just seen *The Garden of Allah*, and my mind's eye is full of colour—the pale gold of the sands, the cool blue of the sky at morning, the dark lines of camels marching at sunset across a sky as rich as one of Turner's.

Don't let memories of other colour pictures prevent your seeing this gorgeous new production. Producers at first got off on the wrong foot. They went on the principle that since they had a new invention for photographing colour, the thing to do was to flood the screen with all the colours of the rainbow. Hence, though parts of *Becky Sharp* were gorgeous—the rush of officers to arms, for instance, when the guns are heard booming at Waterloo—much of it was merely gaudy, with the naïve, childish gaudiness of a picture postcard.

The Trail of the Lonesome Pine was much better, but here again the colours of the forest were too vivid to be true. It is a fact that few of us realise how much colour there really is in Nature, but if all these cobalts and indigos and bright greens could have passed unnoticed, then we had to confess all our lives to being colour-blind.

THE desert, oddly enough, affords the perfect setting. Where most of us see only grey-white sands, and dun-coloured camels, and palms of a dull green, the colour camera picks up a thousand subtle and exciting variations. The personality of the players, too, is enhanced and even changed, in some cases quite remarkably. Marlene Dietrich, always so pale in black and white, is revealed with a glow of skin and eyes that gives warmth to her whole expression. Her hair is of palest gold, and her clothes, from the moment when she appears in a travelling cloak of lovely golden brown, could not have been better designed to heighten her beauty and withstand the exacting test of the colour camera. Charles Boyer looks even darker than usual—he might, in fact, be Spanish instead of French; and it is interesting to see what a magnificent figure C. Aubrey Smith makes as the priest, his ruddy hair and beard strikingly contrasted with robes of sombre black.

"THE GARDEN OF ALLAH" is no masterpiece, but, colour apart, it is a good, sound workmanlike production, very well acted. I have only the haziest recollections of the novel by Robert Hichens, so I cannot say whether the adaptation is entirely faithful; but its spirit is certainly retained. Charles Boyer is the Trappist monk who yields to temptation, breaks his vows and runs away to see what life can offer him in the great outer world. Miss Dietrich is Domini, the girl who (for reasons not made clear) is touring the Sahara alone.

The beginning raises hopes not realised later. Domini's introduction to Batouch, the lying rascal of a guide (well played by Joseph Schildkraut) is most amusingly written and directed, and there is a genuine throb of excitement and romance in the café scene where the former monk saves her in a riot. Without giving us more than a suggestion of the *danse du ventre*, Richard Boleslawski, the director, has infused into this scene all the colour and sensuality of the East; the leering, rheumy eyes and clutching hands, as the dancing girls twist and writhe, are quite shuddersome. Tilly Losch, as the principal dancer, appears only in this one sequence, but she looks so vivid, dances with such sinuous grace and acts with such passion that Hollywood is unlikely to let her go. Stories for her would need careful choosing; but given the right part she might easily be a sensation.

IF *The Garden of Allah* were all as good as these early sequences it would be something to get excited about; but it is not. The action slows down, and once the former monk meets the officer who knew him in the monastery, the end is so easily foreseen that it needs all Miss Dietrich's and Mr. Boyer's rare personality and charm to hold your interest to the end. The last shots, with hero walking up the steps of the monastery while heroine turns and drives back to town with breaking heart, should have been most affecting, but actually are only picturesque. Still, the production is interesting as marking another big advance towards perfection in colour, and has many scenes which, even in black and white, would be very effective.

LET me also recommend *Confetti*, as gay and delightful a trifle as even Vienna has ever sent us. A shop girl, believing her employer has left town, puts on the shop's most expensive model and goes to a masked ball. Her adventures are told with a plausibility and humour that makes this a perfect pattern of its kind. No better Cinderella story has come my way since the original Austrian version of *Maskerade*. Hans Moser, who played in *Maskerade*, is seen again in *Confetti*; Leo Slezak, the gifted giant who was so amusing in *Liebesmelodie* and *Sylvia und Ihr Chauffeur*, is at the top of his form; and Friedl Czepa, who supported Paula Wessely in *Episode*, makes a most appealing figure of the little shop-girl. Robert Stolz, composer of "Two Hearts in Waltz Time," has written two or three agreeable songs.

THEY do some odd things on the movies. I was only just recovering from the shock of reading that Clark Gable and Myrna Loy were to play Parnell and Kitty O'Shea in *Parnell*, when I read that Warner Brothers planned to cast that gorgeous comedienne, Claudette Colbert, as Joan of Arc. Why not Shirley Temple? Or Mae West?

Later still comes a report that the Warners are dropping Joan of Arc, and are starring Miss Colbert in *Tovarich* instead. This sounds more reasonable. But, despite the fact that it is largely a comedy rôle, I cannot yet reconcile myself to another bit of casting—Robert Montgomery as the murderer in *Night Must Fall*.

All Talking at Once in "Confetti"

"Confetti" runs true to the best Austrian tradition, light-hearted, shrewd, set to a carnival background, upholding the standard set in "Maskerade." Friedl Czepa, who made her début in "Episode," plays the dress-shop girl who borrows her employer's finest model for the carnival; Lotte Spina, Hans Moser (left and centre in the picture) and Leo Slezak get embroiled in the ensuing embroglio, to music by Robert Stolz. Running concurrently at the Academy is "Scrooge," with Seymour Hicks

Hay Wrightson

Miss Rosaleen Forbes

Fayer of Vienna

Lady Margaret Egerton

Coronation Debutantes

Rosaleen Forbes is the attractive elder daughter of Colonel the Hon. Donald Forbes, D.S.O., M.V.O., and Mrs. Forbes, of Ardington House, Wantage, Bucks. Mrs. Forbes was Doreen Lawson before her marriage in the last year of the war, and is a niece of Viscount Mountgarret. Colonel Forbes is a brother of the Earl of Granard. Rosaleen Forbes, who is seventeen, will be presented next season by her mother

Lady Margaret Egerton is the fifth of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere's six daughters, was born in 1918, and will be one of the most important of the Coronation debutantes. Last time Lady Ellesmere had a debutante daughter to entertain for at Bridgewater House was when Lady Susan Askew came out five years ago. The Ellesmeres' place in Scotland is Mertoun, near St. Boswells

Lady Iris Mountbatten won't be seventeen until January 13th, but she is coming out as a Coronation debutante in 1937. She is the only child of the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke and a second cousin of the King. Lady Carisbrooke is Lord Londesborough's only sister

Bassano

Lady Iris Mountbatten

"Bystander" Short Story No. 69

Glory

By Sonia Converse

Sketch by Lowen

"I guess I must have been too young," replied Primrose Green

"THIS way, please, for Miss Primrose Green."

The woman in black followed a solemn little page-boy along the passages of the Superb Hotel and was ushered into a suite—the kind of suite reserved for such royalties as could afford to pay, millionaires and film stars.

Primrose Green belonged to the last category and had just hit London in a trumpet-blare of publicity. No sooner had she sailed from New York than headlines in the English Press began to inform the public that Primrose Green had received anonymous cables warning her not to land at Southampton. As her ship drew daily nearer England, sinister cables threatening an attempt on her life reached her with increasing frequency and the headlines grew in height and hysteria. She was taken off the ship by a detachment of plain-clothes men from Scotland Yard, escorted to the train between a double cordon of policemen, and a man who tried to push his way through the milling crowds at Victoria Station was apprehended and taken into custody. However, he was found to be carrying nothing more dangerous than an autograph book containing the signatures of Gracie Fields, Dean Inge, and George Bernard Shaw.

Retiring to her bed, Primrose Green gave out that she was suffering from a nervous breakdown and refused to see any reporters. As a result not a newspaper reader was allowed to remain in ignorance of her arrival. Patient queues waited outside the cinema where her current film was being displayed, thousands of her fans besieged the Superb Hotel.

THE door opened and a big man, grizzled of hair and square of shoulder, picked his way gingerly amongst the flower-laden furniture of the drawing-room.

"I 'm Eli Gaunt, Miss Green's producer and director," he announced, uttering his world-famous name with assumed casualness. "I guess you 're the secretary the management recommended."

"Miss Hughes." The woman in black produced a card from her shabby handbag. Accustomed to sorting out and pigeon-holing human beings, Eli Gaunt summed her up at a glance. Brunette, age uncertain, between forty and fifty. Dark, expressive eyes. A struggle to keep up a certain show of elegance evident in the tilt of her hat, her tired silver foxes, neat suit and down-at-heel but well-polished shoes. Probably efficient.

"I gather you have experience at this type of job?" enquired Eli Gaunt.

"Plenty, Mr. Gaunt."

"American, eh? The manager here spoke very highly of you, so we needn't go into the question of credentials."

"Yes; he 's known me for years."

"Consider yourself engaged. I 'll introduce you to Miss Green presently. She 's lying down at the moment. Of course, as you 've no doubt heard, the little girl has been through a terrible strain."

"Boloney," said Miss Hughes. Eli Gaunt's face registered shock, then he caught her eye and burst out laughing. "But it certainly was a swell stunt," she added appreciatively.

"She knows all the answers," commented Eli Gaunt.

"You see, I 've been in this racket too long. Why, I used to work on the old Kelwyn and Key lot, and that takes us back a little way." Kelwyn and Key, the great firm of the silent picture days, had long since been absorbed by newer organisations.

"Oh? In what capacity?"

"I—well, I sort of handled Marisia Malik's publicity."

"Say, this is quite a coincidence! I worked for Kelwyn and Key too, once upon a time."

It was Miss Hughes' turn to register surprise. "You did? When? I don't seem to recall you round the lot."

"Remember *Avalon*, the finest picture K. and K. ever turned out? With Ramiro Albeniz as Lancelot and the one and only Marisia Malik as Queen Guinevere? She held the world's screen vamping record in those days. Pity the talkies killed her. But what I started to tell you was that I got my first job in that picture—as a studio electrician! 'Boy makes good,'" said Eli Gaunt, pleasantly conscious of just how good he had made.

Miss Hughes stared at him thoughtfully. "Yes, the talkies finished Marisia Malik, and Ramiro Albeniz too," she said. "I bet there isn't one person connected with *Avalon* who 's kept afloat—excepting the studio electrician!"

"Let 's drink to Kelwyn and Key. Here 's glory!" exclaimed Eli Gaunt, popping a champagne cork and raising his glass to hers. He felt gratified by the deserved compliment, and anyway, he prided himself on his affability to all comers.

THE interview was going badly. Since taking up her duties, Miss Hughes had obtained interesting sidelights on Primrose Green. Barely twenty-one, Primrose Green was far lovelier than her silver shadow. Her pale sunlit hair and sky-blue eyes fully justified the delicate suggestion of Spring in the name chosen for her. But of the gay vitality imbuing her screen performances, her irresistible manner of delivering a wisecrack, there was no trace. Actually, her speech was so sweetly vacuous that it left not the slightest impression on the listener's mind; and she had a disconcerting knack of nodding off at any hour of the day, in any position. Svengali to her Trilby, Eli Gaunt's attitude towards Primrose Green in private life was that of an anxious but respectful nursemaid. "Miss Green needs a great deal of sleep," he explained to Miss Hughes, as if this were a special proof of his star's genius.

In fact, Primrose Green's most positive trait appeared to be a liking for ginger ale, of which she kept a secret supply in her bathroom. There was a "prestige" clause in her contract obliging her to drink champagne in public.

This afternoon she was being interviewed by a reporter from the influential *Daily Beam*. Eli Gaunt had taken the preliminary precaution of priming her with views on the London police force, British films, and other likely topics; and then the reporter, an aggravating young man called Mr. Carew, had gone and

(Concluded on page 530)

Glory *(Continued from page 529)*

upset these arrangements by not asking the right questions. Apparently his paper was featuring a series of articles entitled, "When Film Stars Were Fans." He wanted to know which players she had admired most as a schoolgirl, and why.

LAPPED in a cloudy negligée sprigged with tiny flowers, Primrose Green reclined *à la* Recamier on a sofa, looking sulky and staring at her nails. Nobody had prepared her for such unreasonable enquiries and she had no opinions ready.

"You see, Miss Green," Mr. Carew pointed out patiently for the third or fourth time, "all you have to do is say a few nice words about some star of the silent pictures—mention what you consider their best part, and so forth. Younger generation pays tribute to the great forgotten names."

Primrose Green meditated. "Couldn't you cut out the old-timers and just write about me?" she suggested at last.

"You would be doing me a great favour if you could give me an exclusive interview in the near future. But in this case the idea is to draw a contrast between the top-notchers of to-day and those of yester-year. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, you know," remarked the reporter, fingering his Old Etonian tie.

"I never heard of Gloria Mundy. I guess I must have been too young," replied Primrose Green, sighing with relief as a way out of an irksome situation occurred to her. "Miss Hughes," she said to the secretary who sat discreet in the background, "why don't you give Mr. Carew the low-down on Marisia Malik in *Avalon*? I guess that should be long enough ago for you, Mr. Carew, and you can work in some stuff about Mr. Gaunt having started in the same studio. Mr. Carew, I hope you 'll excuse me, but I ought to go and rest now. I 'm sure you won't mind interviewing Miss Hughes instead of me."

She rose, stifling a yawn, in the light, flower-sprinkled draperies that clung to her slim body suddenly resembling a drowsy Primavera; gave the reporter a fleet, impersonal nod, and slipped from the room.

"Miss Green needs a great deal of sleep," repeated Miss Hughes mechanically. As if by sleight-of-hand, she now occupied Primrose Green's place on the sofa.

"Is she always like that? I mean, so dumb?" asked Mr. Carew.

"You should have let Miss Green know the subject of your interview beforehand," replied Miss Hughes. "Why, even your politicians can't answer questions in Parliament without notice. And a star who makes five thousand dollars a week is more important than a politician who 's darn lucky if he earns that much in a year."

In some obscure manner, Mr. Carew felt that by referring slightingly to Primrose Green he had also slighted Miss Hughes. The secretary was proving as formidable as her employer. "A telling point, certainly," he admitted. "I apologise for my lack of respect. You see," he continued disarmingly, "I 'm not used to interviewing film stars."

With a smile of remarkable graciousness and charm, Miss Hughes put him at his ease. "Of course," she said. "Let 's get going. Your time 's probably limited."

"Well, Miss Green mentioned *Avalon*. Wasn't that the super-epic of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table? The first film on which really big money was spent? I seem to remember Ramiro Albeniz careering about on a white horse and an incredible ending with the entire cast being, as it were, translated to the Happy Vale of Avalon."

"Everybody else liked that ending. It was beautiful," said Miss Hughes indignantly.

"Again I apologise. After all, it was only a comparatively minor distortion of the Arthurian legend. Would you be kind enough to tell me about Marisia Malik? It 's queer how soon these things become confused in one's mind, but I have an idea she was publicised as the Czech Glamour Girl. Am I right?"

"Quite right. She put glamour on the map long before Greta Garbo was ever invented. And she came from Czechoslovakia. She hated Hollywood, always longed for the mountains and forests of her own country, the peasants riding on their carts drawn by white oxen, the music—she had gypsy blood, you know.

THE reporter made a note and said: "It was a good performance she gave in *Avalon*, though I dare say we 'd laugh if we saw it now. Did she ever do anything after that?"

"No; she retired at the height of her fame, and of her own choice," said Miss Hughes slowly. "She had made enough money to live in luxury for the rest of her life, and besides, she was in love. With an Italian, Prince Tivoli—a genuine Prince, not one of those fakes you meet in Hollywood. He carried her off to Tahiti on his yacht and they were married there, secretly. After she retired she never allowed another word to appear about her in print."

"That 's news to me," said Mr. Carew, scribbling away. "'Secret Romance of Famous Film Star. Marriage to Prince Disclosed after Years.'"

"Eventually they bought an island in the Pacific, an enchanting little island peopled by a few hundred natives and some white traders. They called it 'Avalon,' after the film."

"But how do you know all this, if no more stories about Marisia Malik were published?" asked Mr. Carew conscientiously observing his editor's dictum: "Always check your facts."

"She kept in touch with me. She—she never forgets an old friend."

"And does she still live on 'Avalon'?"

"Yes, excepting when they 're away cruising on their yacht. Prince Tivoli built her a wonderful white villa on a hill overlooking the sea, and she rules the natives, who adore her. They crowned her Queen in one of their quaint ceremonies."

"'Queen of Avalon Island. Modern Lady Hester Stanhope,'" jotted down the reporter, by now seething with excitement. "Do you know that you 've given me a terrific story? Much too good to waste as part of an interview with Primrose Green. When my editor sees this he 'll splash it right across the front page. We 'd of course be very glad to give you the usual informer's fee."

"No, thank you," said Miss Hughes, her eyes shadowed. "Somehow, an informer's fee would seem inadequate."

Wondering how he had once again managed to offend her, Mr. Carew took his leave.

"CONSIDER yourself fired."

Miss Hughes paled and swung round abruptly. Eli Gaunt stood inside the half-open door. He had obviously been standing there for some time.

"So you tried to pull a fast one, handing the *Daily Beam* a lot of hot air about Marisia Malik! You may have been Malik's publicity agent in the Dark Ages, but right now you 're supposed to be working for Miss Green and not for the extinct star of an extinct company. This interview was important for Miss Green."

"Yes, Mr. Gaunt," said Miss Hughes faintly.

"'Yes, Mr. Gaunt'! Listen to her!" exploded Eli Gaunt. "You 've got too much imagination, that 's your trouble. Gypsy blood! Fascinating foreign accent! When you know as well as I do that Marisia Malik came from Tulsa, Oklahoma, and that she had to be dropped when the talkies came in because, after being told for so many years that she was a Czech, the public couldn't be expected to swallow her Tulsa twang."

"Sure I do. And I also know that Marisia Malik took a third-rate stock company on tour, making personal appearances, hoping to get back that way. She spent her last cent on crook lawyers who swore they could save Antonio Tivoli from jail, and her company went bust."

"Then we 're all agreed and everybody 's happy. The sooner you get out of here the better. Before you go you may call the *Daily Beam* and kill that story. No; I guess I 'll have to do that myself. You 're not to be trusted."

"I 'm sorry, Mr. Gaunt." Tears started into the secretary's eyes. "Please don't kill that story."

"Say, what 's the big idea? Have you gone nuts?"

"Marisia Malik—she was a great actress in her day, wasn't she? And her end seems so squalid, so out of keeping with the character they created for her. The story I gave the *Daily Beam* was to be her swan song. If she could be remembered like that it would be as if—what was the word the reporter used?—as if Marisia Malik had been translated to the Happy Vale of Avalon. What became of the girl from Tulsa, Oklahoma, doesn't matter."

"That 's very pretty, but I 'm a business man and I can't afford to go in for emotional philanthropy. I appreciate your loyalty, but why should you care so much that you 're willing to throw away a good job?"

"You see, Mr. Gaunt," said the secretary in a whisper, "*I* was Marisia Malik."

"GOOD grief!" exclaimed Eli Gaunt with some feeling. He was genuinely shocked.

"That 's how the manager knew me so well. I 've often stayed in this suite."

"Miss Malik—if only you 'd told me! If there 's anything I can do for you——" The awe in which a studio electrician had stood of Kelwyn and Key's brightest star pierced through all Eli Gaunt's prosperous exterior.

"Perhaps you 'd reconsider your decision to fire me?"

"Miss Green and I would be honoured to have you with us, Miss Malik——"

"Miss Hughes," she said. "Here 's glory!"

She drained her glass.

THE END.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Alexander

The coast-lines of France and England are an appropriate background for this travelling coat from Burberrys in the Haymarket, whose winter sale is now proceeding. It is cut with a debonair swing of the skirt, a curved waistline, and full sleeves gathered at the armholes to give a square-shouldered effect. The material is a very warm though light weight dark blue wool flecked with small white hairs. Checks introduced on the collar, revers and waistcoat relieve the severity of design and lend a dashing air. This firm specialise in country tweeds and classic tailor-mades of faultless cut. They are also adepts at creating ensembles made distinctive by unusual combinations of colour

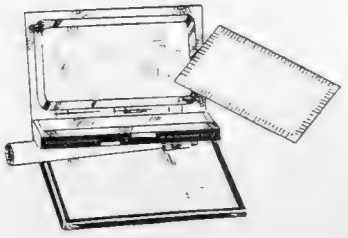
Tyrolean Dress Above The Snow Line

Tyrolean suits are very fashionable for winter sports, and Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus, are showing an interesting collection of genuine Austrian clothes in their newly-extended premises. They are colourful and picturesque, great attention being paid to details such as buttons, the shape of collar or pockets, and linings. The latter are practically always in bright prints. For people who prefer to wear their ordinary trousers or plus-fours, there are fancy jackets in quilted balloon silk which are sold separately. They are very gay and cost three and a half guineas. Others are made of Loden trimmed with coloured piping. The ski-ers pictured are all wearing proofed gabardine suits with convertible trousers which may be worn as plus-fours. The coats are close-fitting, lined with Tyrolean prints, and padded on the shoulders. Hand-beaten metal buttons which look like old silver add a decorative note. A white Loden jacket faced with brick-red gabardine to match the trousers distinguishes the suit worn by the seated figure

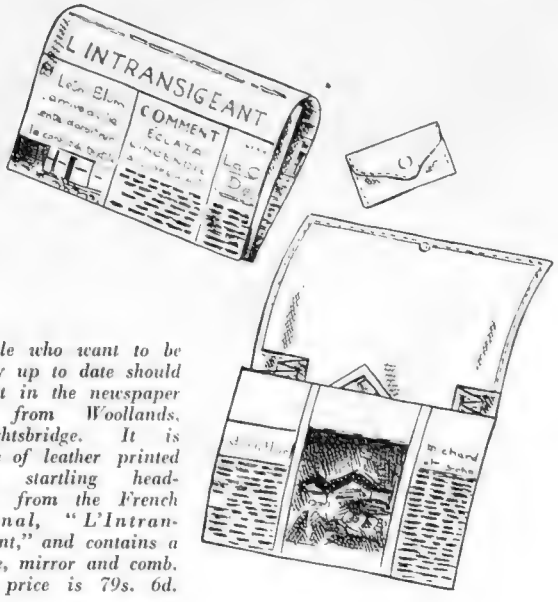
Lovely stockings make shapely legs, and Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, are showing the most fascinating selection for evening wear in sheer silk. Some are hand-worked in broderie anglaise, while others have a panel of real Chantilly lace in a contrasting shade. The latter vary in price from 29s. 6d., according to the value of the lace

Floral accessories lend a youthful note to a simple evening frock. The necklace sketched comes from Jay's, Regent St., and is made of plaited silk with formal bunches of multi-coloured "Rhodoid" flowers. It is accompanied by earrings and a larger dress clip

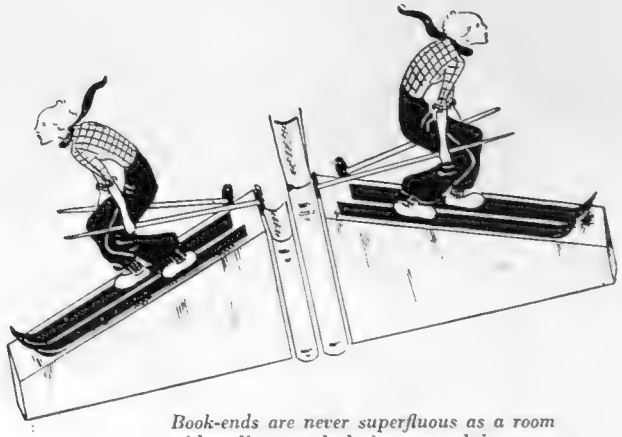
Belts are wide and ornate this season with fantastic buckles stretching half-way round the waist. The one below is of black suède with a leaf-shaped motif in diamanté. It costs 2 guineas and may be seen at Jay's



The new powder and cigarette case at Jay's is small, compact and easy to carry. It is made in various shades of lacquer, including black, with marcasite motifs, and only costs 39s. 6d.



People who want to be really up to date should invest in the newspaper bag from Woollands, Knightsbridge. It is made of leather printed with startling headlines from the French journal, "L'Intransigeant," and contains a purse, mirror and comb. The price is 79s. 6d.



Book-ends are never superfluous as a room without literature lacks interest and character. Those sketched are topical and gay, with china ski-ing figures speeding down the slopes. Each carries a miniature pair of sticks, and they cost 35s. 9d. at Woollands

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Gas and Gaiters : By Alan Thomas

R. H. Mottram's *Portrait of an Unknown Victorian* (Robert Hale ; 12*s.* 6*d.*), licks most portraits of known Victorians hollow. It is the plain, unvarnished tale of Mr. Mottram's father's long and honourable service in the great Norfolk banking-house of the Gurneys. Does this sound dull ? Believe me, it isn't. Plain unvarnished Victorianism had plenty of gas and gaiters in it ; and in the old age of this Victorian, who typified his times in the best sense of the word, somebody had the rare foresight to take down the real thing from him verbatim. The result is as good as a journey through *Punch*, bereft of exaggeration and come to life.

What a full-course dinner it is ! The menu includes the début, in 1847, of chloroform as "Ethereal Fumes" for the extraction of teeth ; of the old-wives' remedy of buttermilk face-wash to prevent pitting by smallpox ; stories of war before the days of the telegraph, when civilians knew nothing till it was all over—"and a good job too !" ; of the building of the first bath-house in the garden, Gothic in character, to conceal its function ; of the end of Public Executions and the beginning of School Boards ; of present-giving shifting from St. Valentine's to Christmas Day ; of the coming of the unscrupulous cycle ; of the first Bank Holiday in 1871 ; of singers from the beloved Jenny Lind to the young Clara Butt, who sung Elgar's "Sea-Pictures" at a Norwich Festival in a sequin mermaid-sheath which caused a County Dowager to whisper—"Look, my dear ! Guiltless of all confinement !"

Think of a man who during the Great War was able to say in 1914 : "For the first time since 1854 it is possible to feel friendly to France." The words throw a light on one of the best qualities of this compact and entertaining chronicle.

Mr. R. H. Bruce Lockhart's *Return to Malaya* (Putnam ; 10*s.* 6*d.*) might be described as a sentimental journey. When he applied to Lord Beaverbrook for three months leave, Mr. Lockhart "stressed the desire for the Eastern sun." But his Lordship probably came nearer the truth when he ended his letter granting Mr. Lockhart's request with the words : "I suppose you are going in search of the little wooden shoes." The shoes in question had belonged to Amai, the beautiful Malaya girl who, as readers of *Memoirs of a British Agent* may remember, had "braved the anger of her own people" for Mr. Lockhart's sake.

But whatever the motive for the journey, the description of it is written largely against the background of the author's past impressions. Things have changed even in the Unchanging East. "With the Westernisation of the East much of the local colour and much of the old glamour have departed." Of Bali he says that "those who seek a resort where an old world civilisation remains intact must come quickly. The conversion of 'the last paradise' into the newest hell is proceeding apace and all too soon Bali may become a second Port Said."

Mr. Lockhart has much to say that is of interest and significance concerning the British and Dutch administrations in the East, where, so far as the future of imperialism is concerned, "the warning finger of history is already visible."

But what holds you in this book, apart from its "travel-interest," is the obtruding personality of the likeable self-confessed egoist who is the author. The story of his meeting with Amai—now over forty and married—is told with youthful seriousness. "I tried to laugh at myself, to find something ridiculous in this spectacle of Lockhart in quest of his youth. There was no success to my effort." There is something attractive about confessions like this.

Colonel Henry Clay, C.B.E., D.C.M.

He is retiring from his job at Great Scotland Yard as Commandant of the London Recruiting Zone after a fine Army career. In 1899 he joined up as private, got his D.C.M. in the Boer War (despatches twice, Queen's Medal with five clasps, King's medal with two clasps), and his C.B.E. in the Great War. He will be sixty-five on New Year's Day

It is the greatest good fortune for posterity that Miss Mary Heber of Weston, Northamptonshire, believed in preserving her correspondence. For about a hundred and twenty of the letters she received, most of them written during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, have just been published under the title of *Dear Miss Heber*, by Constable, price 8*s.* 6*d.* They give a most delightful and intimate picture of the lives of ladies of quality during that period. Weston is now the home of Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, and in a preface so admirable that I feel tempted to use it here instead of writing a review myself, he explains how the letters came to light when he and his wife attempted to sort a vast family correspondence they had discovered stored in eleven large trunks in an attic.

These letters to Miss Heber are all from women, and are concerned in the main with just the same subjects that interest the modern woman. Here in the letters we have the gossip and scandal of the town, much talk about the weather, accounts of visits to country houses and watering-places, of servants, of children and of confinements. On the whole, Miss Heber's correspondents reveal themselves as women of taste and culture ; books and music are frequently mentioned, and there are occasional references to "the horrid doings in France," although it is clear that the Revolution was not considered a cause for serious disturbance.

But the outstanding personality revealed in the letters is Miss Iremonger. I wish I had space to quote some of the epistles of this formidable female. Peppered with capitals, full of lofty sentiments and complaints of her spasms and plethora, they epitomise the writer completely. I ought to add that this enchanting volume has been most competently edited by Francis Bamford.

If you want a few hints on the way to make the most of a solitary existence you might do worse than look at Miss Marjorie Hillis' *Live Alone and Like It* (Duckworth ; 3*s.* 6*d.*). It is a book for women—or rather for the "extra woman" who has for one reason or another to live alone. I won't say Miss Hillis always hits the nail on the head. Discussing different methods of getting rid of a man friend whose visit has lasted long enough, she says : "If you want him to come again soon, a little tact is usually wiser. You might begin with 'Let me get you a glass of water (nothing stronger)—it 's hours since you had that whiskey.'" That would, I think, be a risky opening—if you wanted him to come again. But the book contains a good deal of sounder advice than this, and if you take some of it, selecting wisely, it 's quite on the cards that you won't have to live alone any more—unless you like it.

Miss Ronda Keane and Mr. Nicholas Hastings

Nicholas Patrick Hastings, son of Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., and Lady Hastings, and Ronda Keane, daughter of Miss Doris Keane, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. They have gone to California and Hollywood for their honeymoon

Four Weddings

Ira L. Hill's Studio, N.Y.C.

Mrs. Peter Ball

Peter Ball, son of Dr. and Mrs. Otho F. Ball, of Chicago, and Cherry Pinckard, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard, of Hays Lodge, W.1, and Combe Court, Chiddingfold, Surrey, were married at St. Bartholomew's, New York, early in December. Dr. Ball is a publisher, and his son is a journalist

Mr. William Colquhoun and Miss Ruth Greenwell

William R. Colquhoun, of Coleridge House, Eton College, and Ruth Veronica Greenwell were married at St. Nicholas's, Godstone, Surrey. The bride is the daughter of Sir Bernard and Lady Greenwell, of Marden Park, Godstone. The bridegroom is the son of the late Capt. W. J. Colquhoun and Mrs. Colquhoun

Mr. John Russell and Miss Alison Campbell

John Russell, elder son of the late J. C. Russell and Mrs. Russell, of Delamas, Ingatestone, Essex, and Alison Campbell, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Campbell, of Woodrow High House, Amersham, Bucks., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Some Amateur Play in 1936

ALTHOUGH there are quite a number of golfers who would like to see the Amateur Championship played by matches over 36 holes, instead of 18, there is no doubt that the winner, with very few exceptions, has been a worthy winner; and he most certainly was this year. For two and a half years I have considered Hector Thomson the best amateur golfer in Great Britain, and did so even at the time when the Scottish newspapers were full of the exploits of Jack McLean and little was written concerning Thomson's good play.

In the Amateur Championship this year he was twice in danger of defeat: in his first match against Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley, who took him to the 19th green, and in the final, when he stood three down to Ferrier on the 14th tee.

Thomson, who enjoyed the long voyage across the Atlantic even less than the remainder of our team, far from disgraced himself in his Walker Cup single, when he was just beaten by 3 and 2 by J. Goodman, who won the Open Championship of America in 1933. The Amateur Championship is always more exciting when there is a strong challenge from America. This year the danger of an American winning was to a large extent removed on the first day by Cyril Tolley, who knocked out two good Americans in T. D. Boardman (Myopia) by 3 and 1, and R. D. Chapman (Greenwich), who was being coached by Joe Ezar, by 2 and 1.

THERE was, however, a distinct danger of the Championship cup going overseas, as J. Ferrier (Manly G.C.), the Australian Champion, and A. D. Locke, the South African Champion, were both playing. I did not fancy Locke's chance at St. Andrews, as the Old Course favours the long hitters to a very considerable extent, and Locke is not long among first-class golfers. You might easily think that if the Old Course at St. Andrews, which measures 6572 yards, was too long for Locke, he would be at a still greater disadvantage at Hoylake, where the course measured 7078 yards. But it was not so, for the longer you make a course, within moderation, the more you penalise the long hitters. It is at holes of between 270 and 360 yards that the long hitter gains most, as he can drive the greens and get threes, and it is hardly possible to design holes so long that the short hitters, among first-class golfers, cannot get home in two.

At Hoylake, in the Open, the shortest two-shot hole measured 393 yards, and during the Championship the conditions at this hole were never sufficiently favourable to enable the players to reach it from the tee. Locke was the leading amateur in the Open, and also in the Irish Open; two extraordinary fine performances, and, strangely enough, he finished eighth in each of these championships. In the Open, he was only seven shots behind the winner, and in the Irish Open only six shots behind. Besides these two outstanding performances, Locke won some minor competitions and broke the records of several courses.

FERRIER had an even more successful tour over here than Locke. Besides reaching the final of the Amateur, and giving Thomson a fright, he won the "Silver Tassie" at Gleneagles with the record score, returning 72 on the King's Course, and 68 on the Queen's. He won also the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase at Ashridge, again with a record score, by returning 68 and 71, which was four shots better than Bobby Jones's aggregate at Sunningdale in 1930. Ferrier, to the onlooker, appears a coarse golfer, who swings himself off his feet, but if you watch him carefully you will see that he does not swing himself off his feet until after the club-head has hit the ball. He hits the ball not only a very long way, but very accurately, is full of confidence and courage, and is an extremely bold and reliable putter.

IT will serve no good purpose to write any more about the Walker Cup match of 1936, in which for the first time we failed to win one match. But after this severe trouncing it was extremely pleasant to see young Langley and Jack McLean restore to some extent the prestige of British amateur golf by fine play and good results in the American Amateur Championship. Langley fought his way into the fifth round before he was defeated by the greater experience and good golf of J. Goodman, an extraordinary fine performance for a boy who had just left school.

McLean not only reached the final, but went within a hair's-breadth of winning it. When he was three up at the 27th hole, he looked a certain winner, but from there on, by taking three putts, he let golden opportunities slip, and, as nearly always happens, was not forgiven, as fortune smiled on his opponent at the end of the round; J. Fischer stimied him on the 34th green, and when one down on the 36th tee, did this short hole in two, and again got down in one putt on the 37th green to win, rather luckily, a great match. A lot has been written about the stimie on the 34th green, but if McLean had taken his chances earlier on, it would not have robbed him of victory.

In 1936 Miss Joyce Wethered played in only two golf tournaments of importance. In 1936 Miss Joyce Wethered won only two golf tournaments of importance.

Blue-Blooded Regulars at the Oxford University Course—Southfield

Nineteen-year-old Lord Loughborough is at Magdalen. He is the elder of the Earl of Rosslyn's two grandsons, sons of the late Lord Loughborough (who died in '29); his mother, who is Australian, is now Lady Milbanke

The Hon. Edward Stanley (Magdalen) is Lord Stanley's eldest son—he is eighteen—and a grandson of Lord Derby. His mother is a daughter of the late Viscount Chelsea, and was an Extra Maid of Honour to Queen Mary during the war

Prince Franz Josef Hohenlohe is another Magdalen undergraduate golfer, seen here with John Taylor, the Southfield professional. Prince Hohenlohe is the youngest member of the Hungarian branch of the family

Sir Arthur and Lady Wilmot

Were photographed at a Lauderdale meet. They were married this autumn; he is in the Black Watch, and she was Pam Garrard, daughter of Major S. H. Garrard, of Welton Place, Daventry. Her twin sister is Mrs. Donald Fuller, wife of Admiral Sir Cyril Fuller's son

Miss Gundred Cunliffe

Was just going off from her mother's house, Thurston Planche, Bury St. Edmunds. She is the daughter of the late W. N. Cunliffe, and is twenty-three. Her mother is a sister of Sir John Aird, who was Equerry to the Duke of Windsor as Prince of Wales and as King

Mrs. Hugh Ryder

Was staying with Captain Bobby Jenkinson at Knapp Manor, his house in Surrey, when she was photographed. She was Diana Makins, is Sir Paul Makins' daughter, married Hugh Dudley Ryder, has a nine-year-old daughter, Jane, and lives in Oxford Square

Out of Doors

The Earl and Countess of Fortescue and Their Daughter

They were all out with the Quorn on one of the mild days just before Christmas. Lord and Lady Fortescue live at Thorpe Satcheville, Melton Mowbray. Lady Margaret Fortescue is the elder of their two daughters, and is thirteen. They have a sixteen-year-old son, Lord Ebrington, at Eton

Lady Katherine Howard and Hon. Lavinia Strutt

The Hon. Lavinia Strutt had her first day's hunting, since her engagement was announced, with the Quorn when they met at Ab Kettleby. She is with her future sister-in-law, Lady Katherine Howard. She and the Duke of Norfolk have announced their wedding for January 27th at the Brompton Oratory

What About 1936?

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

NINETEEN-THIRTY-SIX does not seem to be the sort of year to deal with in strict chronological order of events. To start tamely at the beginning with Miss Fishwick and Mrs. Gage winning the London Foursomes for Wentworth, and Miss Bridget Newell the Roehampton Gold Cup for herself, is no fit way to usher in the two tremendous golfing things of the year—or should one say three? First and foremost, that Miss Pam Barton, having won the British Championship, went on to win the American as well, a feat unparalleled for any British girl at the ridiculously early age of nineteen; ridiculous, that is to say, on paper: in both golf and personality Miss Pam Barton seems years older than that. Secondly, that we only managed to finish all square for the Curtis Cup, when Great Britain had been looked on as quite certain to beat U.S.A. And thirdly—which would appear, therefore, quite illogical—that we did not allow any American to win so much as a bronze medal in our British Championship, played ten days after the Gleneagles Hotel Course disappointment.

TAKE those three facts together and there seems neither rhyme nor reason in them. Find a hundred reasons, if you must, why we did not win as a team at Gleneagles: then why, in the name of all that is wonderful, could we win as individuals at Southport and Ainsdale, and, more amazing still, at Canoe Brook, where Miss Pam Barton was an entirely lone invader? No golfer will readily forget the thrill of pride which that success of hers gave us over here; in fact, the number of non-golfers who shared in the general jubilation was quite astonishing. And the best of it all is that the pride is confined to those who did not do it: Miss Barton is so entirely humble nowadays, so absolutely the reverse of throwing her weight about over it, that you feel doubly proud of her and anxious to take off your hat to for that great achievement as well as the golfing one. Yet she did not win either foursome or single against U.S.A., and only halved her single against France, losing her foursome. Why? To which there seems no answer; only a great encouragement for others who failed equally to do their best when burdened with international responsibility and a firm conviction that now Miss Barton will undoubtedly shake off this one last great weakness and do deeds as doughty for Great Britain in a team as she did this year individually in annexing two championships which might both have gone to a U.S.A. player.

Undoubtedly she is the player of 1936, thereby firmly confounding all those who gave it as their opinion that her running-up in the British Championship in both 1935 and 1934 did not necessarily mean anything outstanding for her in the future.

MISS BRIDGET NEWELL, as runner-up at Southport and a player who has added good iron-play and putting to her length, seemed at the start of the season to be set for great things. So did Mrs. Holm and Mrs. Garon by their brilliance at Gleneagles. All three were to disappoint their admirers as the year wore on, until now one must rank Miss Wanda Morgan, who won the English, you remember, at Hayling, and Miss Wade, who was runner-up to her there, higher than these.

Nor must Miss Jessie Anderson be left out of the reckoning, not merely because she beat Miss Pam Barton in the final of the French Championship, not merely because hers happened to be the last putt of the day at Gleneagles and mercifully saved Great Britain from defeat, but because there is a persistent feeling that if Miss Barton does not manage to hold on to her title at Turnberry next June, it is Miss Anderson who will succeed her. She looked like winning the Scottish there last June, but instead Miss Doris Park won the title she had so long deserved: won it at the nineteenth from Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, by a display of real grit and pluck as well as of great golf.

In Ireland it was Miss Carrie Tiernan who fulfilled the promise which everyone felt was hers when she appeared at Newcastle in the 1935 British Championship; in Wales Mrs. Reiben wiped out the defeat of her daughter a round earlier, and beat Miss Thompson, a young golfer who ought to go very far.

It was Miss Thompson who, with Miss Shelagh Gibbs, electrified Ranelagh in BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes by having a joint handicap of 17 (seventeen) and yet going out in 30 (thirty) in one round, and subsequently beating Mrs. Cecil Burns and Miss Munn in the final.

TALKING of BYSTANDER Foursomes, though there is only room for the briefest mention, let it be remembered that Miss Newell and Miss Craddock-Hartopp won the Northern at Seacroft; Miss Mervyn Barton and Miss Pam Barton the One-Day Spring at Royal Mid-Surrey; Miss Robertson-Durham and Miss Nimmo the Scottish at Turnberry; and Mrs. Hyman and Mrs. Salmon at Roehampton.

The BYSTANDER Cup holder, Mrs. Rhodes, won the Northern Championship at Alwoodley; Mrs. Graham Emery the South-Western at Westward Ho!; Miss Newell the Midlands at Aldeburgh.

Surrey created a County Finals record by winning all twenty-one individual games in them; Mrs. Garon a Ranelagh one by taking the Kitcat Medal with 65.

Worplesdon Foursomes went to Miss Joyce Wethered for the eighth and last time (under that name), with the Hon. T. Coke as partner.

Mrs. Rowand Harker won the Veterans' Championship, and Peggy Edwards, of Manchester, the Girls', with Jacqueline Gordon runner-up. Youngest members of the golfing community, they must be mentioned last, but let nobody deduct therefrom that the Girls' Championship is of little importance. Believe me, the reverse is the truth, and this year's was particularly full of possibilities.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

The Essex P.G.U. Greensomes

Were held at the Boyce Hill Club, South Benfleet, in unpleasant weather. A. Tingey, Junior, who won second prize with the best score for the first eighteen holes, played with Mrs. F. W. Newey (Frinton) and returned 111, second best score

R. N. J. Burgess and Miss K. Bome (Clacton) were partners at South Benfleet in the mixed greensomes won by C. Denny and Mrs. V. J. Froom (Thorpe Hall) with 105 (twenty-seven holes)

Miss Dorrit Wilkins (Chigwell), the Essex lady champion, was partnered by B. Hodson; playing as back-markers from scratch, they finished amongst the three who tied for second place with 111

Engaged

Miss Yolande de Belabre

Yolande York de Belabre, the daughter of Baron and Baroness de Belabre, has announced her engagement to Capt. Gerald Heggart MacCarthy, R.A., eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. MacCarthy, of Devan Haye, Sherborne, Dorset. Baron and Baroness de Belabre also live in Dorset, at Allington Court, Bridport

Miss Mary Farmar

Photographs by Lenare and Bassano

Mary Farmar, Lord Swinfen's fiancée, is the younger daughter of Col. H. M. Farmar, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Farmar, of 40, Alexandra Court, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Lord Swinfen is a lawyer, like his father, who, as Sir Charles Eady, was Master of the Rolls, 1918-19. Lady Swinfen lives at 12, Ovington Court, S.W.3

Miss Elizabeth Murray

Elizabeth Murray is the second daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. G. Murray, of Twyford House, near Winchester, and is engaged to Richard George Fellowes Frisby, the Hampshire Regiment, son of Colonel and Mrs. H. G. F. Frisby, of Bacton Grange, Hereford. The engagement was announced early in November, this year

Miss Mary Myrtle Body

Mary Myrtle Body is engaged to the Hon. Henry Bathurst, the younger son of Viscount and the late Viscountess Bledisloe, of Lydney; she is the younger daughter of Col. K. M. Body, C.M.G., O.B.E., and Mrs. Body, of Ordnance House, Aldershot

Lady Sylvia Savile

Lady Sylvia Savile, the third of Lord and Lady Mexborough's four daughters, is to be married to Andrew de Bertodano, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street, on January 9th. He is the eldest son of the Marquess del Moral and the late Lady Ida de Bertodano (née Dalzell)

Howard Marshall on Rugger

Next Saturday's Trial: Selector's Problem

HAVING, presumably, recovered from Christmas, we can now turn our attention to this little matter of International Rugby football, which looms formidably ahead. Next Saturday, for example, England play the Rest at Twickenham, and before long the Welshmen will be coming to town to put us through our paces.

I still retain a seasonally healthy optimism, though the second trial at Bristol made a mockery of the unhappy Selectors' plans. It was most unfortunate that two players of such importance as B. C. Gadney and T. A. Kemp should fall out at the last moment, and J. O. Sowerbutts and G. A. Walker, the reserve half-back, complicated the issue by playing uncommonly well.

The outcome of next Saturday's trial should be highly interesting, for the Selectors, shelving rather than solving their dilemma, have made it a further occasion for experiment. I imagine two things are worrying them. First, the England forwards. Second, the England attack. And that is pretty comprehensive.

THESE forwards, now. At Bristol it seemed to me that they were deplorable. Individually some of them were good in the open. Seaton, of Coventry, is as promising a back-row forward as we have seen for some years—fast, clever and young enough to learn, though he seems to know most of it already.

It was in the close work, the scrummaging and the line-out, that the fundamental principles of forward play were consistently neglected. Never did two packs of such presumably high quality do less work in the tight. The hooking was left to the specialist scrapers in the front row, and the ball trickled out through an immobile scrummage. The line-outs were confused and aimless huddles. There was not a single wheel, though a mud-coated ball was ideal for controlled footwork. These forwards, in fact, were content to serve as mere feeders to the backs, and the game therefore became an opportunist scramble.

I HAVE hammered at this till I fear you must be weary of it, but it is of such primary importance, and to see potential England forwards displaying such ignorance of scrummaging comes as a shock even to the optimist. My own view is that matters will not improve until a real forward leader is found, a man capable of welding a pack into a scrummaging unit. Such a leader, I believe, is C. D. Laborde, of Cambridge, and there is no reason why a University captain should be considered too inexperienced to take charge of an International pack. There are plenty of precedents, and the question turns upon personality almost as much as playing ability. And Laborde is no mean player at that.

THEN this problem of the England attack, and very tricky it is. At Bristol W. H. Roden, the Cambridge centre, entirely failed to live up to his reputation, but it would be possible to find many excuses for him. He flourished when Kemp sent the Cambridge attack into action at top speed, but at Bristol, on exceptionally heavy ground, playing behind Candler, he was forced to take his passes virtually standing still, with the defence on top of him.

Three-Quarter Tricks Full Back

It was R. C. A. Brandram, on the Blackheath wing, and the baffled back was F. Mennim; Brandram's was the only try against Richmond, who scored three goals and a try to win by 18 points to 3

Cranmer, the other England inside three-quarter, deserves his chance behind a stand-off like Kemp, who sets him moving. J. C. Boyce, the Bradford inside picked for the Rest, is a beautifully-balanced runner and might well be a reserve for the England line.

AS for the scrum-half, Sowerbutts was brilliant as an individual player in the second trial, but Low, to my mind, is the man we want if B. C. Gadney does not re-establish himself entirely. Low gives perfect passes from the scrummage, much in the manner of W. H. Sobey, whose orthodox methods were admirably carried out and perhaps insufficiently appreciated. A scrum-half has two main functions. He must shoot the ball away really fast, without a split second's unnecessary delay, and he must be a strong and courageous stopper round the scrummage. Here Low fills the bill excellently.

THE wing three-quarter problem is not so complex. H. S. Sever was surely a certainty on the left wing. He lacks speed, but in these days speed is less important than cleverness and strength. Very rarely, more 's the pity, does a wing get the chance to run for the line unhampered and uncrowded, and Sever, with his exceptional dash and physique, is able to batter his way to the line however much he is hemmed in.

R. H. Guest might well come in on the right wing if A. Obolensky is unfit, and there is always A. G. Butler as a useful reserve.

AS for the full backs, leaving aside for the moment the matter of qualification, H. D. Freakes improves with every match he plays, and obviously has the big-occasion temperament. His left-foot kicking is prodigious. Many people, judging by correspondence, will be disappointed not to see Graham Parker opposite Freakes at Twickenham. Owen-Smith's form is well enough known already; and although Freakes played his way into the team at Bristol in a way that left the Selectors little choice, there is not much to choose between him and Parker.

Cardiff Beat Harlequins at Twickenham, 14 Points to 11

There was a disappointing attendance at Twickenham for the Cardiff-Harlequins match, in which the former won by a goal, a penalty goal and two tries to a goal and two penalty goals. This scene is typical of the game — time after time the powerful Welsh pack and its able scrum-half, W. G. Morgan, gave their backs the ball

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(1) G. D. Pearce Jones (committee member), J. H. Bennett (captain) and M. A. Caldwell (secretary). (2) J. Cawley, R. H. Armstrong and H. S. Davies. (3) P. Runciman (ex-captain) and J. Backus (hon. treasurer). (4) W. Nelson (ex-captain) and W. J. Thompson (president). (5) W. J. Hind, W. H. R. Webb and Spence Geddes. (6) V. King Farlow (ex-captain) and W. B. Blyth. (7) Dr. R. H. A. Ritchie and F. Hancocks (trustee). (8) J. A. Culmer, "Maurice" (steward) and H. W. Hurst. (9) A. P. Pears and H. Leuw. (10) Edgar Park and A. Perry

This England . . .

Durlston Head, Dorset

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The Bristol "Transport," designed to carry twenty-three soldiers fully equipped for war. It can be used also as a long-range bomber and has defensive armament fore and aft

Peace and War in the Air

THE development of flying as a peaceful art is not increasing at anything like the speed of the military side, and yet it is mainly the contributions of those working for peaceful ends that are making flying safer. Only in the use of the parachute does the military pilot have an advantage over his opposite number who flies for hire or reward. The 'chute itself is available for the civilian, but passenger aircraft are not designed for quick exit, and as stunting is not practised with liners or taxiplanes and collisions are still the rarest occurrence, no serious thought has been given to the subject. The aircraft industry everywhere is busy building for war—or should we say to preserve peace?—and one wonders what will happen to the factories when the rush is over, always assuming we don't have a war. Are we to convert our heavy bombers into freighters and fit uncomfortable seats for passengers as we did in 1919, or will the old ones be sold to foreign powers still scrapping? In Spain, the air arm may prove the deciding factor, as it did in Abyssinia. In China, too, there 's a war on, but they are dropping newspapers instead of bombs. We have had our smuggling scare, and there are rumours that millions of pounds' worth of valuables are being transferred secretly by air. It 's difficult to believe it, and I should hazard a guess that our village bobbies are much more alert than we may think—strange aeroplanes don't drop in just anywhere and land their cargoes because a forced landing still attracts lots of attention, wherever it is made. There are to be openings for poor boys in the aircraft industry over here; the scheme, which is the joint product of the S.B.A.C. and the Royal Aeronautical Society, to come into force next year. Many of the leaders of the industry started poor and at the bottom, so this is an attempt to train talent which might otherwise be missed. Scholarships to the individual value not exceeding £100 a year will be awarded to the selected candidates, and applications must be made to the Society at 7, Albemarle Street before the end of February. Almost at the end of the year comes news that Canada is to start its trans-Continental airway very shortly. Unlike the States, the country between the Rockies and the eastern seaboard is not all ideal for flying, and the weather can be very much more severe. Whereas the States is the richest single country in the world, Canada has limited financial means to equip the route on the lavish scale that is needed to compare favourably with the lines across the border. And it would have been a mistake to have started before the route was equipped for safety and for regular operation by night as well as by day. The line will be linked with our Atlantic service, giving a connection from London right through to British Columbia.

CALENDAR

DECEMBER *1936* — MARCH *1937*

SOCIAL EVENTS: International Sporting Club — New Year's Gala, *December 31*; INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT, *January 18-26*; Monaco National Fête, *January 17*; Monte Carlo Theatre —Season of Comedies and Operettas has already opened.

SPORT: Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis), Club Championships, *January 11 - 17*; INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 22 - 28*; Condamine Tennis Club—Sixth International Tennis Championships of the Principality of Monaco, *January 18-24*; Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 13*; Sporting Club Cup, *February 20*; MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January 30* to *February 3*.

MUSIC: Concerts — CORTOT (Chopin recital), *January 1*; Sir Thomas BEECHAM, *January 13*; Mozart Festival (Conductor: Reynaldo Hahn), *February 3*; Sydney BEER and Walther GIESEKING, *February 19*; Richard STRAUSS, *March 12*; KREISLER, *March 17* and *19*; RACHMANINOFF, *March 24* and *26*; Bruno WALTER, *March 31*; Opera—Season opens with WAGNER'S "RING," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, *January 24*; "Tristan and Isolde," *February 2*; AUTORI and CHALIAPINE, as well as many other famous artistes, will appear during the course of the season, which lasts till *March 30*.

There's Sport at

Monte Carlo

NOT often that you can play your morning round of golf at 3,000 feet! But you can, up on Mont Agel, with the shimmer of snow-capped Alps behind you and the sparkle of blue Mediterranean far below. The sun above, a good course before you, in air that has more kick to it than a champagne cocktail—what better beginning to a day has life to offer?

AND after lunch, so energetic do you feel, five sets of tennis even cannot tire you. It's good tennis, too, on one of eighteen courts which have been constructed to championship standards. If you don't want to play yourself you can watch the others—world champions play there often.

Somehow you're never off your game at Monte Carlo

This winter the cost of living at Monte Carlo will be cheaper than ever. In spite of the devaluation of the franc, hotel tariffs have not been increased, which means in English money a reduction of approximately 35 per cent. Railway fares and all other expenses show proportionate savings.

Visitors to the HOTEL DE PARIS, the HOTEL METROPOLE and the HOTEL HERMITAGE will continue to enjoy the advantages of the "pension tournante." This makes it possible for them to take their meals as they choose, either in their own Hotel or at the Café de Paris, or at the International Sporting Club.

There are good hotels to suit every purse, full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.

A Modern Medley : Everything for the Home

Luxury in the Bathroom

ONE of the most soothing remedies for nervous and bodily fatigue is to lie back in a really hot bath and relax completely in every limb. The mind becomes delightfully oblivious to everything around, and life's troubles are temporarily banished. To reach this happy state, however, it is necessary for the water to be delicately perfumed with Bronnley's Gardenia bath crystals. A small handful will soften the water and create a delightfully refreshing aroma. They cost 2s. 6d. a flask, or 1s. 6d. a box of six cubes, which are excellent for travelling as they are so easily packed and take up no room. Needless to say, Gardenia Beauty Soap should also be used, as it is made of the purest ingredients, and can be applied to the most delicate complexion with absolute impunity. A box of three tablets costs 2s. 6d., and like all Bronnley's preparations is obtainable practically everywhere. Finally, there is Gardenia Perfume, which is endowed with an elusive fragrance.

Lenare

Nothing adds more to a sense of luxury and well-being than Bronnley's Gardenia preparations. Their elusive fragrance is like a breath of summer, cool and refreshing. Perfume, talcum powder and bath salts are presented in artistic jet-black bottles of a simple and modern design. The perfume is available in four sizes from 3s. and should be applied with an atomiser

And So to Bed

AFTER a bath there follows bed and the joy of slipping between cool sheets and "Moderna" blankets. These are made of pure lambs'-wool and give warmth without weight. They are very soft and, thanks to a secret process, guaranteed to be moth proof and unshrinkable. All "Moderna" blankets are sold by houses of prestige, and carry a three-year guarantee which ensures complete satisfaction. Should there be any difficulty in obtaining them however, Thomas Ratcliffe, Albert Mills, Mytholmroyd, Yorks, will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent.

Household Necessities

EVERY woman with a home of her own, appreciates a practical gift such as "Old Hall" tableware. This is manufactured from "Staybrite" steel, which is so tough and ductile that articles made from it are practically unbreakable. Tea and coffee services, cruets, cakestands, vegetable dishes and trays, are just a few of the designs which have met with such universal success, while their hygienic qualities are a constant source of delight. All interested should write for an illustrated list of articles, which will gladly be sent on application to J. and J. Wiggin, 8-13, Old Hall, Bloxwich, Walsall.

The Editor's Box

Books of Reference

The annual litter of valuable pedigree reference books has been successfully weaned from the printers once more and is now on the market.

Whitaker's Almanack

Is a masterpiece of tabulated information, 81 pages of indexing directing you clearly to whatever you want to know. In the Coronation number, additions have been made to the Official sections and the Complete and Library Editions contain historical and statistical articles dealing with India, the Dominions and Colonies, together with special articles on matters of current interest, among them being Overcrowding in England and Wales, Drama, Films, Broadcasting, Television, Gliding and Stratosphere Flights. The last three items demonstrate how up to date the Almanack is. Published by J. Whitaker and Sons, there are three editions, at 12*s.* 6*d.* (containing coloured maps), 6*s.* and 3*s.* respectively. Purchasers should note that supplements recording the abdication of Edward VIII. and the accession of George VI. may be obtained free from booksellers.

"Who's Who"

Is the guide to the floating population of the halls of fame, a volume of vital interest to those who wish to keep abreast of the day's affairs. Every page of *Who's Who* is alive. Aldous Huxley, writing in the Press last year, told how absorbed he became in its fascinating contents. Between its attractive red covers is paraded the imposing cavalcade of famous figures of the world (forty thousand of them). In Coronation year, a year of personalities, *Who's Who* will be more than ever useful. It is published by A. and C. Black, Ltd., at £3 and £3 3*s.*

Burke's "Landed Gentry"

This fine old-timer comes out with a bumper edition for 1937, recording, for the first time, all the vast changes in English country life since the Great War. Many historical accounts dating back to the eighth and ninth centuries have been entirely re-written as a result of over seven years' research. The work contains a new Historical Section which has been compiled with the assistance of his Majesty's Officers of Arms, and is published at six guineas.

"Kelly's Directories"

Cannot fail to find a place in any article on reference books. First of all there is the *Royal Blue Book, Court and Parliamentary Guide* (7*s.* 6*d.*). This has been issued for over 100 years and gives the names, addresses and telephone numbers of the occupiers of the better-class private houses in the Western districts of London. It contains a classified Trades Section, especially useful to the West End shopper, and a full Parliamentary Directory. Much useful information is also given with regard to the Royal Households, the Government offices and the principal clubs. Then there is the *Post Office London Directory* (55*s.* and 70*s.*), in which the renaming of London streets has made many changes. Last, but not least, comes the *Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes* (40*s.*). The greater part of the book is given up to the biographies arranged alphabetically, and here will be found the names of many who do not appear in other books. In the section devoted to the Royal Family the most recent issues of the *Handbook* record the succession to the throne of King George VI. and the conferment of the Order of the Garter on Queen Elizabeth, as well as the former King's new title.

"Debrett,"

Or, to use its full title, *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage*, needs no description. This masterpiece of genealogy is fully up to date (with the abdication and accession recorded on a frontis-slip), thanks to Mr. Hankinson, the tireless editor. It is published at 84*s.*

"South and East African Year Book"

Is the title of the informative guide to travellers or traders, published by the Union-Castle Line (2*s.* 6*d.*). In it the Union is dealt with from the point of view of the immigrant, the tourist, the sportsman, the naturalist, and the student.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

December 30 — January 5

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively jest at expense of impecunious family, headed by Mary Clare: Aldwych, 8.30 only.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's amusing long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE BOY DAVID.—Barrie (author) and Bergner (name-part) interpret the Bible in characteristic fashion; Godfrey Tearle as a full-blooded Saul, Martin-Harvey as Samuel: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHARLES THE KING.—History has been coloured with Royalist flavour to make this fine drama; Barry Jones, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies, George Merritt: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HEART'S CONTENT.—Diana Wynyard's new play, with Louis Borell, Anthony Bushell and Mary Jerrold: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—The Brontë novel in Helen Jerome's adaptation makes a fine play; Curigwen Lewis as Jane is beyond praise, Reginald Tate is an impressive Rochester: Queen's, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MADEMOISELLE.—Powerful French play with good characterisation; Madge Titheradge, Greer Garson, Isabel Jeans, Cecil Parker: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARIGOLD.—Revival of the charming Scottish comedy with Katherine Page, Jean Clyde, and Walter Roy: Royalty, 8.30 and 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—T. S. Eliot's play in verse with Robert Speaight as Becket: Duchess, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PARNELL.—History and biography strongly mixed to make drama by Margaret Rawlings and Wyndham Goldie: New, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WASTE.—Granville Barker's fine play has Nicholas Hannen, Catherine Lacey and Gillian Scaife to interpret: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this play is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.—Last three days of Dekker's nebulous pre-Restoration play, with Edith Evans and Marius Goring: Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Eric Maschwitz's spectacular play about Russian exiles, with Clifford Mollison and ballets by Hermione Darnborough: Adelphi, 8.30.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello heads his own vast romantic show, with Walter Crisham and Zena Dare and huge chorus: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Old romantic musical with Edith Day, Clarice Hardwicke and Harry Welchman in their original parts: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LAUGHTER OVER LONDON.—Lou Holtz does some wonderful compèring, with George Robey heading the first-class turns: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slap-stick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 86.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with success: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Pokes gay but gentle satire at Victoriana; Joyce Barbour and George Benson best of a good cast: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Irresponsible humour reliant on situations between Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, and John Mills: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ASTONISHED OSTRICH.—Basil Radford, Nora Swinburne and Mackenzie Ward in a farcical comedy of chance: Duke of York's, 8.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Dorothy Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey and Harriet appear on the stage for the first time (Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh): Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Clever acting by Owen Nares and Fay Compton in a St. John's Wood family-life comedy: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively comedy in a house of a French crammer; Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Jessica Tandy: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HELL-FOR-LEATHER!—Stage effects of motor racing are magnificent; Bernard Nedell, Olive Blakeney, Alec Clunes support the autos: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's hyper-romantic school play, with Frederick Leister in the name-part, J. H. Roberts, and Joan White: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams' gruesome thriller: Cambridge, 8.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Cheerful satire on Scottish officialdom; Marie O'Neal and C. M. Hallard lead: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TILL THE COWS COME HOME.—Comedy with a social significance; Leslie Banks as a public man on holiday; also Adrienne Allen, Marjorie Fielding and Marcus Barron: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

YOUNG MADAME CONTI.—Very mellow melodrama, with Constance Cummings in the name-part, excellently supported: Savoy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

Christmas Fare

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.—The Carroll fantasy with Ursula Hanray as Alice: Little, 2.30 only.

BERTRAM MILLS' CIRCUS.—The seventeenth of this mammoth annual show, with fun fair: Olympia, from 10 a.m.

BLUEBELL IN FAIRYLAND.—Sir Seymour Hicks' play, with Ella Drummond: Scala, 2.30 only.

THE BOY WHO LOST HIS TEMPER.—Rica Bromley-Taylor's children's play with Robin Maule (aged 12) in the lead: Cambridge, 2.30 (only).

BUCKIE'S BEARS.—This hardy annual appears again: Kingsway, 2.30 and 5.30.

CINDERELLA.—Edna Best in the name-part, Lupino Lane, Wallace Lupino, Douglas Wakefield, and Billy Nelson support: Coliseum, 2 and 7.30.

CURSE IT, FOILED AGAIN!—A Victorian melodrama, with thirty songs of the period; Peter Godfrey produces: Little, 8.30 only.

HAGENBECK'S CIRCUS.—Largely animals, backed by acrobats and all-English clowns: Agricultural Hall, Islington.

MOTHER GOOSE.—Florence Desmond is principal boy, George Lacey is dame, Markova and Dolin embroider with ballet: Hippodrome, 2 and 8.

PETER PAN.—Laughton as Hook, Elsa Lanchester as Peter, Pamela Standish as Wendy: Palladium, 2.15 only.

PUSS IN BOOTS.—Marjorie Sandford is principal boy, Jack Barty, Clarkson Rose and the O'Gorman Brothers support: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.—The inimitable Nellie Wallace, backed by Harry Tate, Patrick Waddington, Nancy Burne, Gertrude Musgrove, in red-blooded pantomime flavoured with Charlot sauce: Vaudeville, 2.30 and 8.30.

TREASURE ISLAND.—With Franklin Kelsey, Henry Caine and Peter Godfrey: Aldwych, 2.15 only.

WHAT 'S BECOME OF THE FAIRIES?—A musical Christmas play for children; all profits to Charing Cross Hospital: Piccadilly, 2.30. Sat., 8.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD.—Another old-timer, with Jackson Hartley in Challoner's part: Fortune, 2.30 and 8.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.—Italia Conti's annual production: Holborn Empire, 2.15 (only)

First Nights

JEAN STERLING MACKINLAY MATINÉES.—Rudolf Steiner Hall, to-day, 30th.

HAMLET.—Laurence Olivier as the sombre Prince, Cherry Cottrell as Ophelia, and a powerful cast in Tyrone Guthrie's production of the play in its entirety: Old Vic, Tues., 5th.

CINEMAS

BORN TO DANCE (American).—Eleanor Powell it is—need we say more? Empire.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (American).—Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland star in sets near Balaklava: Carlton.

CONFETTI (Austrian).—Another Viennese carnival embroglio for insouciant feinschmeckers; music by Robert Stolz: Academy.

DIMPLES (American).—Frank Morgan is the buffer in Shirley Temple's newest film: Regal.

DISNEY CHRISTMAS SEASON.—Seasonable, and other cartoons, news and travel films: Tatler.

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH (American).—Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer lead in a glamorous technicolour film of the desert, with Basil Rathbone and Joseph Schildkraut: Leicester Square.

THE GREEN PASTURES (American).—Extraordinarily moving negro interpretation of Christian mythology from Marc Conelly's fable; genuine throughout: New Gallery.

THE JUNGLE PRINCESS (American).—Dorothy Lamour is a feminine Mowgli, Ray Milland brings human love into her jungle life: Plaza.

LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE (French).—A film gem, consistent and convincing throughout; Françoise Rosay and Jean Murat: Studio One.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS (American).—Based on Fenimore Cooper's famous book; Henry Wilcoxon and Binnie Barnes take perilous journeys through Indian country: Marble Arch Pavilion.

MAYERLING (French).—Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux in an effective version of the tragedy of Rudolph of Austria: Curzon.

MEN ARE NOT GODS (British).—Miriam Hopkins scores in an unconvincing film of the stage with Gertrude Lawrence, Sebastian Shaw, A. E. Matthews: London Pavilion.

WINDBAG THE SAILOR (British).—Seasonable fare, with Will Hay as a boasting old barge captain who does some Girl Pat stuff: Tivoli.

OPERA

COVENT GARDEN (BEECHAM'S WINTER SEASON):

- HANSEL AND GRETEL.—Lawrance Collingwood conducts: to-night, 30th, 8.30.
- TALES OF HOFFMANN.—Thurs., 31st, 8.
- HANSEL AND GRETEL.—Fri., 1st, 8.30.
- BARBER OF SEVILLE.—Sat., 2nd, 8.15.
- MANON LESCAUT.—Mon., 4th, 8.15.
- TALES OF HOFFMANN.—Tues., 5th, 8.

SADLER'S WELLS:

- HANSEL AND GRETEL and THE NURSERY SUITE.—To-night, 30th, 2.30.
- MADAM BUTTERFLY.—To-night, 30th, 8.
- DIE MEISTERSINGER.—Thurs., 31st, 6.45.
- DIE FLEDERMAUS.—Fri., 1st, 8.
- FAUST, with ballet.—Sat., 2nd, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

- THE NURSERY SUITE, CASSE NOISETTE.—Sat., 2nd 2.30.
- BARABAU, APPARITIONS, LES RENDEZVOUS.—Tues., 5th, 8.30.

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WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Kay Vaughan

Sylvia Coleridge

Is the younger daughter of Gen. Sir John and Lady Coleridge, of 33, Stafford Covrt, W.8, and is engaged to Albert George Watt, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Fiddes Watt, of 178, Cromwell Road, S.W.

Bassano

Winifred de Winton

Is the youngest daughter of the late William de Winton and the Hon. Mrs. de Winton, of Graftonbury, Hereford, and is engaged to Cecil Charles Chichester, elder son of Capt. and Mrs. C. G. Chichester, of Emwell, Warminster, Wilts.

Lenare

Diana Caldwell

Is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Seymour Caldwell, of 7, Brunswick Place, Hove; she is engaged to John Bentley Sidney Tabor, only son of Maj. and Mrs. Sidney Tabor, of Harlington Manor, Beds.

Catherine Bell

Wendy Boyton

Announces her engagement to George Snowden, younger son of the late Arthur John Snowden and Mrs. Snowden, of 28, Lymington Road, Hampstead; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boyton, of 2, Hanover House, Regent's Park

Lenare

Sheilagh Hope Carlyle

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Carlyle, of Chester Lodge, Meads, Eastbourne; she is engaged to Joseph Ritter von Zawadski, son of Dr. Joseph Ritter von Zawadski, Comptour of the Franz Josef Order, Knight of the Leopold Order and Iron Crown Order, Sektionschef (rct.), Vienna

Catherine Bell

Mary Cook

Geraldine Mary Payne Cook, eldest daughter of the Rev. Gerald and Mrs. Payne Cook, of Clewer Rectory, Windsor, is engaged to Guy Ronald Chamberlin, of The Old House, Langhurst Hill, Petworth, son of the late Com. T. R. Chamberlin and Mrs. F. J. Pickard

Lenare

Pamela Mary Farmer

Is the daughter of the late C. G. E. Farmer and Mrs. M. Waddington, of 13, Queen's Elm Sq., Chelsea; she is engaged, and will be married on Jan. 20th, to Anthony Parker, The Rifle Brigade, son of the late Capt. W. M. Parker and Mrs. Hardman-Jones, of Littleton Manor, Winchester

Catherine Bell

Jean Gregory

Is the only child of the late Comdr. J. A. Gregory and Mrs. Gregory, of 15, Highlands Heath, S.W.15, and is engaged to Fl.-Lt. Matthew Barr Hamilton, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. William Hamilton, of Garston, Herts.

Alison Dodd

Is the only surviving child of Mr. and Mrs. Moreton Dodd, of Tudor House, Cherington, Glos., and is engaged to Mr. H. N. P. Rowe, of Bredy, Bridport, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Passmore Rowe

Maffett — Harrison

John Francis Maffett, 2nd Battn., Duke of Wellington's Regiment, eldest son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. E. Maffett, of Wellington Lodge, Maidenhead, and Delia Violet Harrison, only daughter of the late Percy Harrison and Mrs. Harrison, of 12, Courtfield Gardens, S.W., were married at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road

Maguire — Robertson

At St. Mark's, North Audley St., Hugh Maguire, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Maguire, of West Mallion, Hayward's Heath, Sussex, married Elizabeth Marion Robertson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Robertson, of The Rookery, Chew-Magna, Somerset

Philips — Windeler

At Holy Trinity, Kensington, Richard Montague Philips, second son of the late F. D. Philips and Mrs. H. W. Stacey, of 19, Albion St., W.2, married Marion Windeler, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Windeler, of Longholm, Walton-on-the-Hill

Saward — Birse

Flying Officer Dudley Saward, Anti-Aircraft Co-operation Unit, Biggin Hill, son of Mr. H. G. Saward, of 15, Marylebone Rd., N.W.1, married Joscelyn St. Felix Birse at Cudham Church. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Birse, of 13, Birchington Court, West End Lane, N.W.

Culver — Matheson

Bernard Culver, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Culver, and Sheila Matheson, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Matheson, of Waltham, Oatlands Chase, Weybridge, Surrey, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Jamison — Partridge

Lt. Peter Jamison, R.N., eldest son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Reginald Jamison, of Green Point, Cape Town, and Betty Partridge, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Partridge, of 13, Langland Gardens, Hampstead, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Donald — Andreeva

Lt.-Comdr. C. G. W. Donald, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald, of Grendon, Stirling, Scotland, and Kyriena Andreeva, daughter of Kapitan Nicholas Andreeva, late Imperial Russian Navy, and Mme. Jerebtzova-Andreeva, of Riga, were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street

Boyle — Griffith

At Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, Lt.-Comdr. Richard Courtenay Boyle, R.N., only son of the late Col. Lionel Boyle and Mrs. Boyle, of 126, Sloane Street, S.W.1, married Guendolen Griffith, youngest daughter of the late Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. H. Griffith

Forwood — Halahan

Christopher Forwood, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Muspratt Forwood, married Maureen Halahan at Chelsea Old Church. She is the daughter of the late Capt. George Halahan and Mrs. Halahan, of 64, Queen's Gate, S.W.

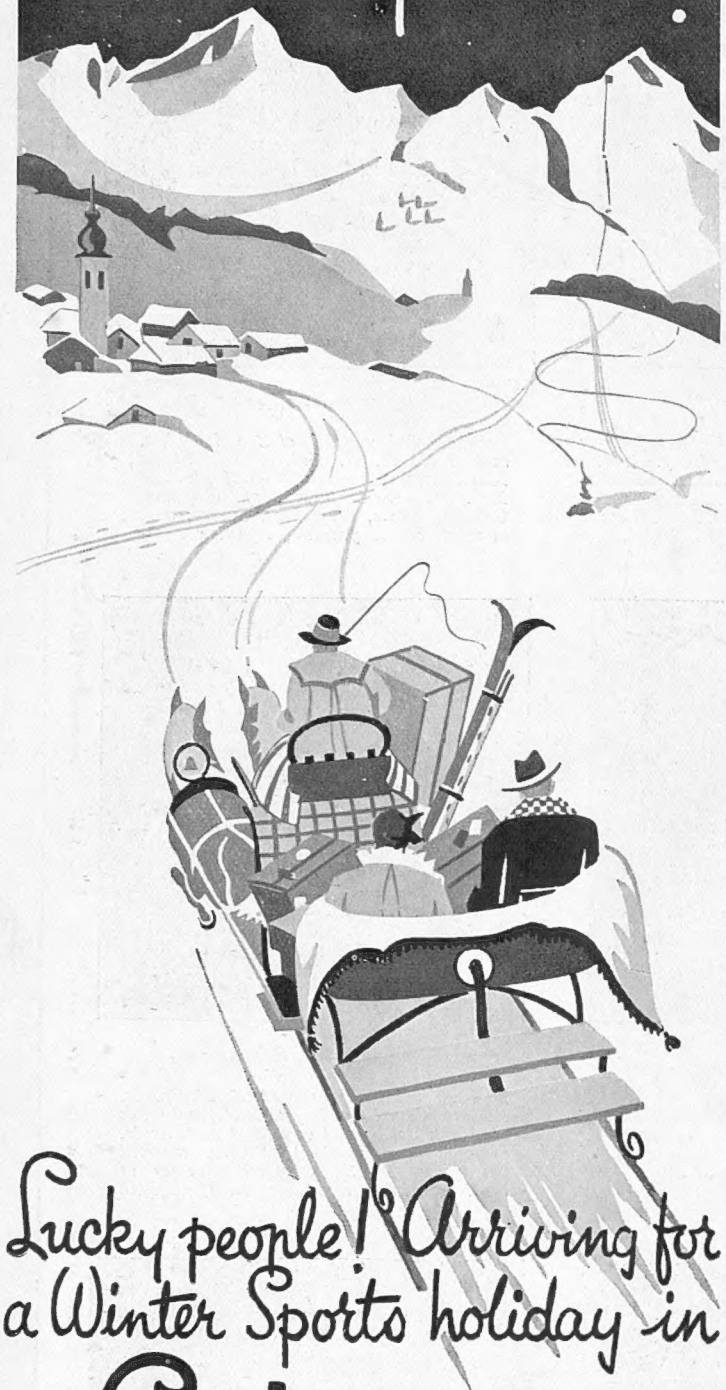
Hughes — McCready

Lt.-Comdr. David Rice Hughes, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Hughes, of Brynderi, Llanelly, and Noreen McCready, only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. McCready, of Yealmpton, Devon, were married at Yealmpton

Coatalen — Foster

Hervie Louis Coatalen, elder son of Mr. Louis Coatalen, of Paris, and Mrs. Olive Hunter Blair, of 12, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W., married Betty Marcel Foster, only child of Captain John Foster, of Cromwell Road, S.W., at St. George's, Hanover Square

Here they come!



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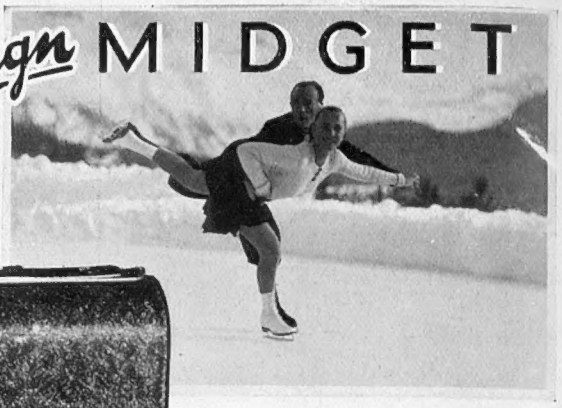

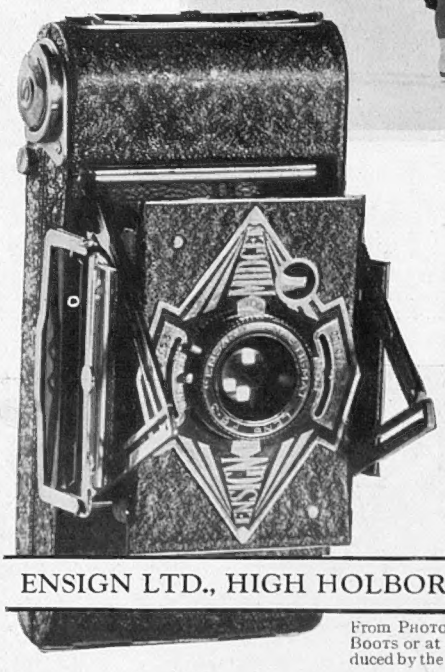

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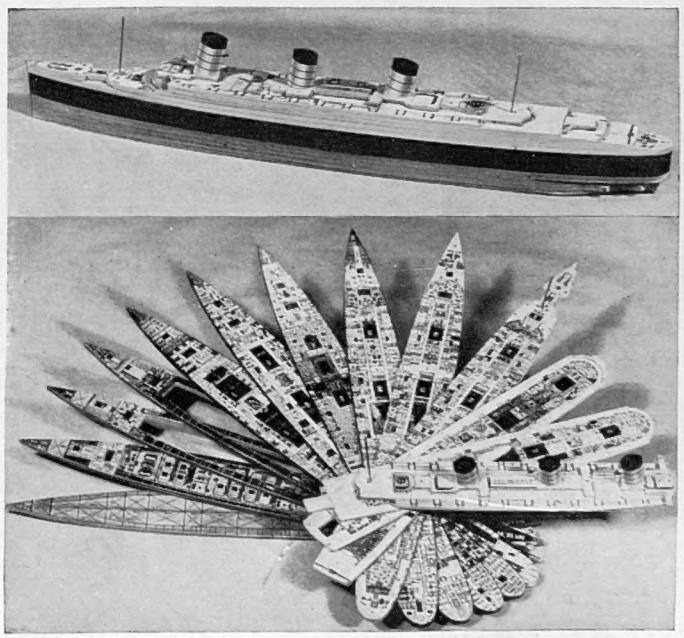

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